

# Contemporary Review

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# THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1953

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN RUSSIA ?

"We are entitled to assume that, after a period of relative quiet, competition for the sole source of power is likely to commence again. This competition between Malenkov, Beria and others may not break out into open conflict, as the Stalin-Trotsky struggle did. On the other hand in a police state like Russia with its tradition of conspiratorial politics from the earliest times, possibilities of this nature cannot be altogether excluded."

I wrote these words for the May issue of the *Contemporary Review*. I was clearly contemplating the possibility of some such event taking place, like the arrest of Beria and another purge, but not its certainty. Above all I was not expecting such an event now but only after some six or eight months. Events in Russia have moved much quicker than I had thought likely, yet they have moved in that general direction, the possibility of which I contemplated. As in ancient Rome, so in modern Russia, Triumvirates have a way of breaking up. For in a country where rule is authoritarian the sovereign power cannot admit any views but its own or any centre of power which does not conform to its monolithic structure.

It is difficult to decide in a regime of this sort how much personal rivalry influences the course of political events. Personal ambition has throughout the ages been an important factor in human history but has probably done no more than deflect for a time the course of events. During the May Day celebration in Moscow this year newspapers carried photographs of the three triumvirs together receiving equal bouquets of flowers from children. The previous year there had been only one person who had been the object of respect, indeed of adoration. Clearly a Triumvirate was ruling last May, but it would be beyond human experience to expect that one of the three would not claim a larger share of the power sooner or later. Political altruism is rare enough in the political life of this country, experienced as it is in public affairs after several centuries of education. How much less is it to be expected among people whose whole tradition is one of authoritarian rule and personal autocracy, modified though that rule has been by a rigid Communist dogma. Yet Lenin by his immense intellectual power dominated in the early stages of the Revolution and Stalin by intrigues and ruthlessness dominated the recent stage. It is the nature of things that power should tend to get into the hands of one man, given the general set-up that prevails in Moscow today. Yet fundamentally it is probable that personal ambition is not the only, nor indeed the main, cause of recent

events in Moscow. The advocates of class conflicts and clashes of Community interests, which is basic to Marxist doctrines, are probably right in claiming these as the "locomotives of history." It is true there is not today a class war of the classic Marxist type of capitalist versus proletariat. Such over-simplification, if it ever existed in Russia, no longer exists. Competing social forces are now much more complex and the borderlines between them are blurred. Behind the veil of the Iron Curtain one can however perceive forces at work which must be exerting an influence on recent events.

First of all there is the urban population, factory and industrial workers, clerical staffs, civil servants and professional people. The Stalinist policy of cold war, hostility to the non-Communist world, and heavy rearmament has hit these people hard. However much they may have been influenced by the official party line and by Government propaganda, because they hear no other, there can be no doubt that they are as peacefully minded as the people of Western Europe and America and are terrified at the thought of a general war. The Stalinist policy has resulted in scarcity of vital consumer goods and high prices for these people. Austerity and the armament drive has moreover been accompanied by increased vigilance by the secret police, and people have been frightened and cowed by "doctors plots" and anti-foreign scares. There is no doubt that at least the urban population has been longing for a relaxation of the Stalinist terror regime. The rule of the Triumvirate that followed Stalin's death caused a definite break with the past. The police regime became lighter, an amnesty was proclaimed, prices of certain consumers goods were lowered, and the whole tone of the press towards non-Communist countries became less hostile. People began to breathe again.

Again in the vast Russian countryside there have been difficulties. There nearly always are, because the Russian peasant, though compulsorily organised into collective farms, still retains much of the individualist mentality which even authoritarian governments find it hard to harness to their plans. The evidence, such as it is, tends to show that food production from the villages all over the Soviet Union is not increasing as fast as industrial production and that the 5-year Plan is not being fulfilled as far as the agricultural side is concerned. The peasant policy of secret sabotage against what he does not like is something which the regime is powerless to deal with. It seems that the post-Stalin Triumvirate have attempted to reassure the peasants that the compulsory food deliveries from the collective farms will be kept within bounds and that the individual peasants holdings will receive more consideration.

Changes have also taken place in the regime for the government of the non-Russian population of the Union. Beria, the Georgian and Triumvir in charge of the secret police, brought about a palace revolution in Tiflis, cleared out the local Georgian Communist bosses, and put in others who were reputed to be more liberal towards the Georgian population. The Stalinist policy of Russification seemed to be in process of reversal, because a similar clean-up and purge took place in the Ukraine, also initiated by Beria. In Russia there have always been alternating policies of Russification of the non-Russian areas on the one hand and the encouragement of local cultural autonomy on the other. The notorious

Bobrikov, the Tsars Governor General of Finland, will long be remembered, as will the liberal regime towards nationalities that characterised the rule of Alexander II. After the October Revolution the Bolsheviks literally forced Ukrainian culture on the Ukrainians, Uzbek culture on the Uzbeks, and Georgian culture on the Georgians. But Stalin later in his life became the 20th century Bobrikov and suppressed cultural nationalism even in his own Georgia. Beria, though in charge of the secret police, initiated a policy of liberalism towards the nationalities once more.

The same thing was true of Russian policy towards the satellites. Under Stalin they were designated to become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Soviet economy. This economy was harnessed to the Soviet war machine. "Norms" or production quota were fixed in the Czech and German factories without consultation with the workers concerned. Factory output was exported to Russia and collectivisation forced on the peasants of Hungary and Poland. Here too a breath of fresh air began to circulate after Stalin's death. But here it seems that the change came too late. What was accepted by the Russians as a new policy of liberality became for the workers of Czecho-Slovakia and Germany a tocsin for revolt against foreign exploiters. Just as the reforms of Alexander II came too late to save him from the assassin's bomb, so it seems that the gesture of a more liberal policy towards the satellite states was taken as a sign of weakness and an indication that it was now safe to strike a blow for freedom and liberation from the whole Soviet regime. The blow was struck on June 17th, and the industrial workers in the Soviet zone of Germany and especially in Berlin turned a demand for a revision of their factory output or "norm" into a grand political demonstration for the end of the German Communist "stooge" regime. The events are well known and have become a landmark in post-war history. The Communist regimes in the satellite states have been unmasked as a hated terror regime by the East German workers. Never again can the Russians pose as the saviours of Eastern Europe, though the hatred of the masses seems to have been directed mostly against the despised German Communists and instruments of the foreign dictatorship.

The events of June 17th had of course an important reaction in Moscow and set forth a chain of events that are still continuing. The advocates of a more liberal policy became at once discredited, and the advocates of a tougher line, perhaps the old Stalinist line, have been vindicated. Who the various personalities are is difficult to say for certain. Indeed it may be that some of the leaders have changed their views and their tactics as a result of June 17th. It may quite well be that Beria has fallen, not because of his greater liberality in policy towards the nationalities and to the workers of the factories and peasants of the collective farms, but for reasons connected with the struggle of different cliques of leaders for power. The danger to the Moscow regime of a relaxation after a period of terror like that of Stalin's is that the people, overjoyed at the lightening of the load, tend to lie back, rest and enjoy themselves. There were signs that after Stalin's death factory production began to drop and food deliveries from the villages fell. In the satellite countries the

break in the terror seemed to herald the hour of national liberation. But the rulers of the Kremlin could not allow that the very existence of the defence system of the Soviet Union should be put in jeopardy, for a fall in industrial production and in food deliveries by endangering the internal economy of the countries concerned would do this. This is always the danger for a dictatorship. It cannot so easily as a government resting on a parliamentary majority appeal to the people for sacrifices. If austerity has been enforced by a police regime, a relaxation means a concession of authority to the people and is naturally interpreted as such.

But now comes the extraordinary spectacle of the fall of Beria. He was the person who carried out the liberal policy towards the non-Russian minorities of the Union. He has now gone, and purges of all his trusted men have been going on since then in the provinces. One must not necessarily assume that his disappearance will mean a reversal of this liberal trend. It is true that the regime cannot tolerate indiscipline or a fall in industrial or agricultural productivity because of a more liberal policy. But there is no reason to suppose that Beria would have opposed a policy of greater severity and of imposing more discipline again, if it was clear that state interests were endangered. It seems more likely that other causes brought about his downfall and that this was due not so much to the discrediting of his policy as to the fact that he became a scape-goat in a struggle for power. The head of the secret police is always a most formidable power in a Communist state. In the days after the war, when Coalition governments were the order of the day in Eastern Europe, the Communists always insisted in having under their control the Ministries of the Interior, the Ministry of Justice and the secret police, particularly the latter. Once in possession of these, other people were at their mercy. So the simplest explanation is probably the most correct. Beria fell not because of his liberal policy, for he was not alone responsible for it, but because he was becoming too powerful. This is where the personal element in history comes in, deflecting temporarily the course of events. It seems as if on the civilian side Malenkov, and others not known, came to the conclusion that Beria's private army inside the secret police organisation, like the Gendarmerie of Tsarist days, was too powerful to be allowed to exist under that leadership, and that if it was to continue it must come under someone else. So the Triumvirate has broken only four months after its creation.

But could this have happened as a result of action by Malenkov alone? The only other force that could be pitted against Beria's gendarmerie, and indeed could easily overshadow it, was the Red Army. And there we come up against what is probably the major factor in the recent drama in Russia. The Red Army is undoubtedly an important factor in the situation. During the late war it became a force in the land, a centre of public admiration, but many of its commanders at that time were not Communists, for Stalin had in that crisis to select commanders of ability outside the ranks of the party. When the war was over steps were taken to remove these non-party commanders to less important posts and fill their positions with party men. That is the position to-day. All leading commanders must be members of the party, and among these most prominent figures are Marshall Bulganin, Minister of Defence, Marshalls

Zhukin, Scholovsky and Konev. There is almost certainly rivalry and jealousy among these generals, and it is not improbable that the rivalry and jealousy on the political Triumvirate has been reflected in the upper ranks of the army. It is impossible to be sure of anything in a country like Russia, where so much is done in the dark, but it is very likely that Malenkov in his struggle with Beria has succeeded in getting allies among the army commanders and that Beria has failed to get them or has only got those without the necessary power. But what price the army will demand from Malenkov for its support for him against Beria remains to be seen. And one is naturally interested to know how all this will affect Russian foreign policy. All the evidence so far seems to show that the fall of Beria and the purges that has taken place inside the Union have not affected foreign policy. If the theory is correct that it is a palace revolution, mainly concerned with personalities, there is not likely to be a serious change either in home or foreign policy. For the economic situation inside Russia remains unchanged; there are difficulties both in industrial and agricultural production. A relaxation of the burden of armaments is as important for internal Russian affairs as ever. This has already been reflected in the Budget statement made recently to the Supreme Soviet, where an important cut in military appropriations was made. On the other hand the danger of revolt among the satellites since June 17th is certainly no less and this calls for a firmer attitude and even for repressive measures if things are not to get out of hand. One has the impression that those in power now in the Kremlin are undecided what line to take and are putting off awkward decisions as long as they can. On balance however it looks as if they realise that it would be dangerous to risk a forward foreign policy just now and that the line taken after Stalin's death will be continued, though one may expect to see greater toughness towards Germany because of the greater danger to Soviet interests that exists there.

One pointer to no fundamental change in foreign affairs can be seen in an article in "Pravda" on July 26th. The keynote of the article was—co-existence of the Communist and capitalist worlds, in other words the post-Stalin policy. Thus: "We have attained conditions enabling us to exist alongside capitalist powers, now compelled to enter into trade relations with us. . . . We believe in the lasting co-existence and peaceful competition of two systems, because we firmly believe in the superiority of the Soviet economic system, the Socialist structure."

One feels that a time has been reached in the relation between Russia and the rest of the world when the economic difficulties in both camps, caused by rearmament and the cold war, are creating an atmosphere in which a *détente* between the two sides is not only desirable but possible. This probably goes also for China, the biggest and most independent of the satellites. For how can one interpret China's acceptance of the armistice after the gross provocation of Syngman Rhee and the releasing of the prisoners except on the assumption that she was ready to wink at it and carry on? Everything points to the fact that the Korean war is holding up industrial development in China and making it difficult to control incipient famine in that country. The Western world too has plenty of economic difficulties such as our Balance of Payments troubles,

near-bankruptcy in France, political instability in Italy, and a Congress elected to lower taxation and cut American aid to Europe. Russia will no doubt do her best to make all the trouble she can by playing off Europe against America, France against Germany, and both against us. Yet the stage seems set after long delays no doubt and hard bargaining for a *modus vivendi* between the two worlds.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

## SENATOR JOSEPH McCARTHY

**A**FTER a tour of eight European countries this summer one of the ablest of American foreign correspondents said in London that his experience had driven him to one disturbing conclusion. This was that for Western Europeans generally the United States and its affairs are at present embodied in Senator McCarthy. His activities had been publicised to an amazing extent. They had provided a flow of news for which there was no parallel in the case of any other American politician. No man of the year has been more widely discussed. He is a standing challenge for the travelling American, who is required to account for this singular product of the Middle West and for the rapidity of his rise to power. The curiosity concerning him is hardly surprising since for the past three years the American press has kept him in the news, presenting him latterly as both a political issue and social portent. With the aid of abundant factual illustration McCarthyism appears as a repressive force which, spreading from the offices of the Central Government, has come to dominate local affairs, to threaten the colleges and even the churches. As a consequence the outside world has been led to infer that, within a few years of the Roosevelt epoch, this greatest of republics has fallen into the grip of an Inquisition such as is unknown to the peoples of what we call the free world and is happily unimaginable in Britain.

One may meet this view at the outset by saying that, whatever may be the general character of American life in these times, the United States is emphatically not what in Europe we mean by a Police State. The everyday phenomena are not of that kind. Nevertheless we have to recognise that the American people have allowed themselves to be carried into a deep shadow of fear and suspicion, of multiple obscurantism, which before the present hour of confusion and bewilderment, could never have been associated with the nation that is now the most puissant, and should be by far the most secure, on the globe. Hence the European observer, looking across the Atlantic with the old friendly feeling in which we have all shared, is surely not wrong when he affirms that the spectacle of Senator McCarthy, his allies and victims, is wholly and glaringly un-American.

It may be well to consider first the personality and career of the man who, in 1953, has been designated by many prominent Americans, virtually in Mr. Attlee's words, as seemingly stronger than the President himself.

Joseph R. McCarthy is of Irish stock, born on a Wisconsin farm in 1908. The family, then barely emerged from the log-cabin stage, were



becoming well-to-do. They were energetic members of a Roman Catholic Community. From early boyhood Joseph worked feverishly. His schooling ended at fourteen and he soon left the farm for jobs in a nearby town. Realising his lack of education he took the unusual step of entering a high school at twenty years of age, going through at high pressure. This was the prelude to a brief college course and law school. An incipient law practice, as so often happens in America, turned his mind to politics and being Irish-American he was naturally a Democrat. For an ambitious young politician, however, this was the wrong party in Wisconsin. McCarthy changed sides and at thirty was elected to a circuit judgeship. His reckless way of dispensing justice became notorious. He cared nothing for the rules, and in one case was censured by the State Supreme Court for "an abuse of judicial power." When the United States entered the war he enjoyed a brief spell of service in the Marines, and later was able to exploit this venture with legendary effect in the political field. As Captain Joe and still a circuit judge he became in 1944 Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, committing thereby a plain breach of the State constitution. Therein it is laid down that judges of the circuit courts shall "hold no offices of public trust, except adjudicial office, during the term for which they are elected." McCarthy's defiance of the law on this occasion was characteristic as was the gay assurance with which he went along. As a judge still holding office he was actually disqualified, yet he won the election and, despite a Supreme Court judgment that his candidature was "a clear violation," he retained his seat. After six years in the Senate he was re-elected by a large majority. Political rewards are never more astonishing than in the case of an uninhibited demagogue.\*

The Senator from Wisconsin was headline news from his first year in Washington. Already an adept at shock tactics, he began with a combination of personal attack and wild obstruction on behalf of special interests (as in the case of a federal Housing Bill which had even the support of Senator Taft), and went on to a number of sensational causes which displayed an almost incredible lack of consistency. Thus, in 1949 he was the most conspicuous figure in a Senate investigation of what was known as the Malmédy Massacre—atrocities committed in Belgium by the first S.S. Panzer regiment, including the killing of 150 captured American soldiers. Forty-three of the accused were sentenced to death by an American Court. After complicated manoeuvres for the delay of execution, a Senate sub-committee of three was appointed for the inquiry. McCarthy was not a member, but he demanded the right to sit in and thereupon proceeded to act in defence of the Nazi criminals. He stigmatised the trial judges as morons, and denounced the Senate hearings as a deliberate "attempt to white-wash the American military." These proceedings kept up in committee for several weeks, led in Germany to pro-Nazi protest meetings and the commutation of the death sentences. The utter contradiction in such a case as this would seem to offer an insoluble problem unless we assume that the sole McCarthy motive was

\*The Senator's career is set forth in *McCarthy GI the Man, the Senator, the ISM*. By J. Anderson and P. W. May. (Gollanz, 18s.). The authors and the American publisher say that the statements of fact in the book have been carefully checked.



the destruction of a political enemy. Senator Baldwin, chairman of the sub-committee, was eliminated.

It was early in 1950 that Senator McCarthy entered upon the crusade by which his name has been carried to the ends of the earth. It may well be thought that the late 1940's had provided the American public with ample material as the basis, if not justification, for emotional concern over the essentials of national security. Alarming events and disclosures connected with them had followed one another in a continuous course of sensation. There had been the treason trials of Nunn May and Fuchs; the confessions of informers lighting up the elaborate Washington spy ring, from Elizabeth Bentley to Whittaker Chambers; the two trials of Alger Hiss, with their unending implications and the tortuous winding of suspicion around public servants and others hitherto of unblemished repute. "The air was full of poniards," as Fouché would have said. All the same, it could reasonably have been asked, why this spectacular entrance upon the scene of the Senator from Wisconsin? The traitors had been judged; the Courts and Congressional committees had dealt with scores of suspects; the Federal Bureau of Investigation (F.B.I.) was an expert and unrelenting agency; Alger Hiss had been convicted and sentenced. The loyalty tests inaugurated by President Truman had been systematically applied throughout the government departments. Was not, then, the inception of a supplementary one-man inquisition altogether superfluous? Certainly a great number of sound American citizens were convinced that it was.

On this side of the Atlantic there is a widespread belief that Senator McCarthy has been allowed to go on his way with almost no serious opposition. This is by no means true, although it has to be admitted that until a late hour the protests in the Senate against what one of its eminent members called "the debasement of public life" were scattered and ineffective. But on the other hand the leading daily papers were outspoken from the beginning, while the critical weeklies have all along been alert and uncompromising. Moreover, when the nature and scope of McCarthyism became evident, the liberal elements in the country were solid in condemnation.

The McCarthy technique presents several unvarying features. The keynote is defiant repetition, against no matter what precise facts in rebuttal. Thus, the Senator entered upon his most daring stage by announcing that he held a list of 205 Communist party members in the employ of the State Department. Challenged again and again, he reduced the number to 81 and then to 57. When a sub-committee of the Senate, presided over by Senator Tydings of Maryland, found the charges without foundation, and it was shown that the alleged suspects were on an official list and had all been investigated under the regular loyalty procedure, Mr. McCarthy turned upon certain public men of standing. These included Mr. Philip Jessup, the most respected of President Truman's special envoys with a shining record of service, and Professor Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University, a one-time adviser of Chiang Kai-Shek and an acknowledged expert in Pacific affairs. Mr. McCarthy declared that he would stand or fall by the Lattimore incident. After three years of conflict in the Courts and

continuous harassment elsewhere, evoking an influential movement for the defence, the case is still in suspense. It is hard to avoid the inference that the Senator glories in the title of witch-hunter-in-chief and in the shocking licence attaching to that position. How else should we explain the effrontery he displayed in accusing both Generals Marshall and Eisenhower of being leaders in a conspiracy to advance Soviet Communism and to destroy the United States? And yet it was after this unique *bêtise* that Mr. Eisenhower was persuaded to give his personal support to the Senator in his campaign for re-election!

The crusade is organised by the Senator himself. He has a flexible group of associates and financial resources no less ample than mysterious. He works apart from the Department of Justice and the F.B.I. He has his battalion of secret agents overseas, spying upon the embassies and legations and upon the U.S. offices of information. In consequence, it is stated, those centres are virtually emasculated. The situation in this respect is not without irony: for when there arose a furious outcry against the burning of books, by Communist authors and others, that had been cleared out of the libraries after visits by two of his flying detectives, Mr. McCarthy could point out that the purge was carried out by order of the Secretary of State. The decree, naturally, was cancelled out of hand.

In Washington McCarthyism has led to an expansion of the Congressional probes that have been unusually active since the closing stage of the Truman Administration. There is no institution more native to the Congressional system than this. We may concede that some such means of radical inquiry is advisable, or necessary, for a great Federal Government; but even so, the American people have become acutely aware that it is open to almost unlimited abuse. The most patent, indeed the inescapable, danger lies in the Smear, or what in present-day America is often described as character-assassination. The summons to a hearing must be obeyed. There is no legal protection. As a rule the suspect has no knowledge of the topics upon which he is to be interrogated, and the process may be of the utmost rigour. In the end he is permanently marked, even when the formal result is a clean bill of health. The only remedy for a smear is the passage of time.

In the committee room, as in a court of law, the citizen has the right of refusing to answer if he should deem that his testimony might lead to self-incrimination. He relies upon the famous fifth amendment to the Constitution, which enjoins that no person is required to give evidence against himself. The theory, of course, is that the exercise of a constitutional privilege should not involve any injury, but the actuality is far other. Refusal to testify, as we should expect, is taken to be a tacit confession of guilt (that is, nowadays, of some Communist connection); and hence the shadowed citizen goes in fear of his livelihood.

In partial defence of McCarthyism, particularly as regards the orgy of interrogation, it is argued that the net result has been the smoking-out of Communist agents and other dubious characters to the undoubted benefit of the public life. But this contention would seem to be disposed of by the records of hearings, trials, and purges that were being wound up when the Senator first took the field. It is impossible to deny that the exposures, before and after the devastating Hiss affair, proved the

existence of an espionage network on a startling scale, together with the Communist infiltration of progressive societies in every kind, causing the easy recruitment as fellow-travellers of young men and women the great majority of whom, we may be sure, were incapable of harbouring a thought of disloyalty to the Republic. In any case, however, while it is not criminal to be a Communist, one question asks itself at every turn: Where could be the sense, and what the motive, of "subversive" operations in the United States; that is to say, in a land where every great organised body, from the political parties and the churches to the most radical of labour unions, is ranged and massed in the opposing camp, all alike proclaiming their entire devotion to "the American way of life"?

Senator McCarthy still flourishes, and no one would be so foolish as to under-rate his hold upon the multitude of his countrymen. Nevertheless, it can hardly be over-optimistic to believe that he is on the wane. We may look for a significant change of opinion and tone in Congress when the winter season begins: 1954 is another election year. There will assuredly be a halt to the campaign of slander and suspicion that has raged over the colleges since it is so patently a union of darkness against the reign of knowledge and enlightenment, of genuine study and free inquiry. As for the ludicrous charge against a section of the Protestant ministry, as hidden allies of Soviet Communism, it could be merely a boomerang. The political root of McCarthyism is embedded in the hard old American tenet of isolation. It appeals directly to the still unassimilated European masses, especially in the industrial centres of the Middle West—Russians and Poles, Germans, Irish, Italians. And inevitably, it serves as an irritant of the lurking anti-British elements, which are altogether unaffected by the fervours of popular enthusiasm for the British Crown.

We are left, it would seem, with two main considerations in respect of this extraordinary movement and its commanding figure. First, that they provide a most distressing demonstration of the truth that in any war upon an evil system and dogma there lies the worst of all perils: namely, that the conqueror may be infected by the poison he believes himself to be uprooting. And secondly, that the social force now universally named McCarthyism is working towards the destruction of American influence and prestige throughout the Old World; and this in an hour when the nations that are struggling to keep or to regain their liberties are calling out with united voice for a renewed outpouring of the creative spirit, the organic idea, without which the Western Republic could never have been born.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

## GEORGES BIDAULT

ON the left bank of the Seine between the spacious Pont de la Concorde and the sumptuous gilt and marble of the bridge named after Tsar Alexander, reclines rather than rises one of the most graceful buildings among the many Government offices in Paris. It is hardly a century old, this palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, inaugurated in the first year of the reign of the third Napoleon. The

wide front garden lines the chestnut-bordered pavements of the Quai d'Orsay, and often a passer-by stops to gaze at the monument which immortalises the greatest peacemaker among French Foreign Ministers, Aristide Briand. Here in a gobelin-hung study with brocaded armchairs on deep Aubusson carpets, with the sun streaming through the tulle curtains of high French windows, amid all the elegant taste and wealth of French tradition, from the Sevres vases on cloisonne tables to a waste-paper basket of bronze filigree worthy to receive a statesman's doodles, works a one-time teacher of history and leader writer, now one of the men shaping the future of Europe, Augustin Georges Bidault (who has long dropped the solemn Augustin for the much slicker Georges).

The pupils of the Lycées where he taught would not really recognise their old teacher in the present Foreign Minister. Neither, for that matter, would his journalistic cronies from the times that they foregathered along the marble-topped counter of the Press Gang's favourite *bar tabac*, at two in the morning, after the paper had been put to bed. When, during the occupation of France, the Gestapo started breathing down his neck, clever Georges thought of a transfiguration as simple as it was perfect. He had always worn his clothes with the carelessness of the typical *Quartier Latin* bachelor and had never owned a hat. As a disguise he began to dress most meticulously, up to an Anthony Eden hat; dispensed with his glasses, grew a neat moustache, and boarded, as a wealthy, sedate, Protestant student of divinity with two old spinsters in a quiet street near the Luxembourg Palace. Little can he have dreamed then, that he would one day open there the Peace Conference between the Allies and the Axis Satellites States after a war, in which he himself was—so very much underground—engaged. He has long since shaved off that moustache, but his security-enforced elegance has become second nature to him. He still owns a hat, but as the biggest available size is just a trifle too small for the wide span of his head, he prefers to carry rather than wear it.

Georges Bidault is three months older than the century in which he is playing a leading role. He was born at Moulins, in the heart of France, the son of an insurance inspector. The early death of his mother (when Georges, youngest of four children, was two years old) turned his father even more aloof. Compared with the austere discipline of home, the Brothers' boarding school, where he was sent at a very early age, was heaven. From his 10th to his 16th year he attended a Jesuit college in Northern Italy. There he learned not only fluent Italian but such excellent Latin that he can still converse in it. It also shaped him into a staunch Catholic. He is not merely practising, as distinct from the barely nominal Catholicism of the majority of his countrymen. He has an intransigence of principle all the more striking for the courtesy with which he defends it, although he is far from a fanatic. He is no ascetic, he likes good food and wine. He is far from a prude, but draws the line at risky stories. The late Cardinal Verdier once said of him that he had a clarity and simplicity of faith as would grace a true priest.

Soon after he had begun his studies at the Sorbonne he was conscripted. The end of the First World War caught him at 18, and after two years in the French Army of Occupation in the Ruhr he returned to the University.

Graduating with the highest honours, he became the youngest *professeur* on record and from Valenciennes—his first post—was called to the most distinguished college in Paris, the Lycée Louis de Grand, where, at 30, he still looked so boyish that *concierges* frequently ordered him about, mistaking him for a pupil. It is interesting to recall that two of the best-known contemporary French Statesmen—Herriot, now President of the National Assembly, and ex-Premier Daladier—were also ex-college teachers of history. From his earliest students' days, when he was Vice-President of the Catholic Youth Movement, young Bidault had contact with social-conscious Catholics. They were not so much "left-wing" as Christian "New Dealers," out for a more dynamic Christianity in politics, to win back the lower middle class and the workers. For seven years he wrote a daily column on foreign affairs for the newly-founded Catholic democratic *L'Aube* (*The Dawn*). It was established by publisher and bookseller Francisque Gay, later a cabinet minister and ambassador. Bidault's influence became noticeable; not only was he a cultured writer of lucid prose but he held consistent views. And all that, as he once remarked, "writing in my overcoat over a pot-bellied stove, defying anyone to open the windows." Every weekend he went to the country speaking for the *Nouvelles Équipes Françaises*, forerunner of the present MRP. As a candidate for the "Popular Democratic Party" he failed to reach the Chamber of Deputies; when subsequently the Party—joining Socialist leader Blum's "Popular Front"—proved to be more Red than Christian, he left it.

Altogether his was a voice crying in the wilderness, but his daily column on foreign affairs left an impact on the intelligentsia because of its convincing consistency. Bidault decried Japanese aggression as well as Hitler's, castigated the Hoare-Laval Pact which torpedoed Collective Security—and then the League of Nations—over Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia which could so easily have been stopped. He condemned France for (as he saw it) the "pretence of saving Christian civilisation with methods that brutally violate it." He was, needless to say, dead set against the Munich appeasement which, let us not forget it, was practically forced on Chamberlain because Britain's French Allies were the first to state bluntly that they did not want to fight for the Czechs nor "to die for Danzig." When war broke out once more Sergeant Bidault was called to the colours again and served the phoney phase as a barracks postmaster in his native town. Sent to the front when the invasion started in earnest, he was taken prisoner in May, 1940, and spent a year running errands for a Mecklenburg grocer, who, awed by the solidity of his arguments, nicknamed him "the professor." Released in 1945 as a combatant of the previous war, he took up teaching history again, this time at Lyons. He also returned promptly to his greater love, journalism. Not quite so openly, for the thrice weekly *Bulletin de la France Combattante* was a very hush affair—yet not too hushed to land the Editor in jail from which he found it easy to escape, "dressed in a beard."

When the Germans overran the Vichy zone Bidault returned to Paris. He had taken an active share in the formation of the National Council of Resistance. The idea had been de Gaulle's, who wanted all the political parties, trade unions and resistance movements to combine in a sort of

underground government. Bidault—going under the name of “Xavier” (no surnames ever were used)—represented the Catholic group, in which his sister and two brothers were also active. When the mysterious “Max,” de Gaulle’s parachuted Envoy, was arrested by the Gestapo, “Xavier” was unanimously elected President. It speaks volumes for his tact that not one of those most divergent groups, ranging from Catholics to Communists, from aristocrats to proletarians, seceded from the National Council; Bidault had a happy knack of making them all pull together. It was, in effect, a French Underground Government—though not anything as openly as the Sinn Fein Government in the Irish struggle—but then, the Gestapo way was a great deal more brutal than even the Black and Tans. The 17 members of the National Council never met in a larger group than five, and never at the same place. By the spring of 1944 the Gestapo knew that “Xavier,” the No. 1 Maquisard, was Georges Bidault. They got hot on his trail—in one razzia he only slipped through the net because the German list of wanted leaders spelled his name (near phonetically) as Bidot. Such were the chances which he took, yet as a good Catholic he steadfastly refused to carry the “suicide pill” provided to underground leaders in case of capture and torture.

Bidault received General de Gaulle, whom he had never met before, on the liberation of Paris, for which he himself had given the sign of rising five days before the Germans capitulated. That very evening he called at the building where the German soldiers, wounded in the battle for Paris, were being attended, and spoke words of sympathy, wishing them a brighter future once they would be home again from the wars. He had a very personal reason for this friendly gesture. Bidault married in 1946 his then *Chef de Cabinet*, dark, lissom and chique Suzanne Borel, who was his closest collaborator in underground days. One evening she had volunteered to carry across Paris a small suitcase full of papers too important to be destroyed. Having gone down the Metro station, she suddenly found herself marshalled in a queue of intending passengers; the Germans were inspecting all luggage, to run in black-marketeers. Her thoughts racing, she had an inspiration. She screamed piercingly, and explained to the officer who came running along that a soldier had molested her. Her ruse was based on the fact, which most Frenchmen now readily admit, that the *Wehrmacht* (not the S.S.) prided itself on exemplary behaviour. The dumbfounded soldier was marched off, and the apologetic officer himself carried her suitcase, conducting her to the platform, by-passing the queue.

Once France was liberated and General de Gaulle’s Government recognised, Bidault became Foreign Minister. Ironically enough in the light of hindsight, de Gaulle and Bidault’s first journey abroad was to Moscow in 1944, to sign a French-Soviet Pact of Alliance and Mutual Assistance. France was not invited to the Yalta Conference nor to Potsdam, but was one of the founder nations of UNO where Bidault represented France at San Francisco. As host to the 1946 Peace Conference with Italy and the Axis Satellites—Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—he presided over most of the sessions in the Luxembourg Palace, prolonged endlessly by Molotov’s persistent attempts to wear out the combined patiences of Byrnes, Bevin and Bidault. Bidault’s technique



kept me spellbound. Answering Molotov's hair-raising hair-splitting, he would appear facially completely emotionless, his arms resting on the green braid of the conference table. Only his hands were conducting the orchestra of his arguments. It was in the rapid flutter of his fingers that he scorned, attacked, defended, reasoned, dismissed—a fascinating performance.

Bidault has a captivating personality. Short and slight of build, he still looks, as he always did, much younger than his age. His neatly-parted, sleekly brushed dark hair is only greying at the temples; the almond-shaped eyes underneath the arched eyebrows have a smile as quizzical as his habit of cocking his head. His voice is surprisingly firm, as is the slightly dimpled chin underneath the sensitive mouth in the somewhat pallid face. He is not an outdoor man; already at school he disdained sports, his hobbies are stamps and books. When he became Minister he did not own a stick of furniture, only a library of over 10,000 volumes. Nobody, not even his wife, is allowed to touch the piles of books on the desk, chairs and carpet of his den. As mentioned already, he married some years after the war Suzanne Borel. The first woman to win the first place in the competitive examination for the French Diplomatic Service—and a graduate of Oriental languages to boot—Suzy Borel, who had been Bidault's Aide in the underground days, became his official Chef de Cabinet as Foreign Minister. She is a lovely, green-eyed, slim and petite woman, elegant, vivacious and a fascinating talker.

Post-war French politics have not changed their unstable character of short-lived insecure cabinets. Within the last eight years Bidault himself has been many times Foreign Minister and twice Prime Minister. As leader of the MRP (for *Mouvement Républicain Populaire*), best described as a Christian New Deal Party, he had to manoeuvre all the time. The four biggest parties in France are the Gaullists, the MRP, the Socialists and the Communists. The MRP is close to the Socialists in its social programme, but the anti-clerical fanaticism of the Socialists against subsidies for Catholic schools prevented firm collaboration. The MRP differs markedly in progressive liberal ideals from the rightist authoritarian Gaullists. Yet it has to tread very warily here, since both parties are rivals in their appeal to the Catholic vote and to the most stable elements among the electorate. Of the prominent MRP leaders only Bidault has never lost close personal contact with de Gaulle. Since the General's powerful "Rally" split over support to the previous Pinay cabinet, de Gaulle now appears to consider a coalition with the non-socialist parties. As that could not come about under de Gaulle himself, Bidault is frequently rumoured to be the most likely Premier of such a Government. Numerically it would be a strong Government, but it carries two great risks. Inside France it would throw Socialists and Communists into one working-class opposition. Worse is its prospect on foreign policy since de Gaulle's price is bound to be a renunciation of the previous French championship of European Unity. The worrying fact is that so far M. Bidault appears to be soft-peddalling his predecessor's—Schuman's—far-sighted European policy, for which there is no workable alternative. The peace of Europe hangs on an understanding between France and Germany, since without German participation (as



all the military experts are agreed) free Europe cannot be defended against the Soviet menace. Very much depends on Bidault's key position in shaping the future policy of France. Since President Auriol's term of office ends this year, the Gaullists even hold out the glittering prize of Head of State to the ex-history teacher and newspaperman. Will Bidault be able to provide a working compromise for Franco-German understanding, the only basis of a united free Europe? Or will personal ambition and the jockeying for position of party-politicians shipwreck European unity in sight of a safe harbour? The next few months will tell.

KES VAN HOEK.

## THE ROMANCE OF ELATH

**E**LATH, Israel's outpost and port on the Gulf of Akaba, that leads to the Red Sea, and her window to the Orient, is the most romantic place in the Jewish State. Four years ago, when a small detachment of the Army of Israel swept down to the Southern tip of the Negev, and to the strip of ten Kilometers on the Western shore of the gulf which had been part of mandated Palestine, there was nothing but sand and a small police post. To-day Elath is a little town, a municipality, with 500 permanent civil inhabitants, a larger shifting population, a garrison, and an embryo port. Its name, meaning Terebinth trees, comes from the Bible, and formerly belonged to the township on the East side of the gulf—in the Kingdom of Jordan, which is now known as Akaba. It lies in a stupendous scene of nature. Bare volcanic mountains, red, green, gold and black, lie all around it. Beside it is the desert valley of the Araba, which is part of the world's Great Rift, from the Jordan Valley through the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. From the lowest place on the globe 1,300 feet below sea level, the Araba rises 1,500 feet, and then drops again gently to the Gulf of Akaba.

Elath is 180 miles distant from Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, and separated from Beersheba, the nearest town of Israel, by 100 miles of fantastic desert. To the visitor it gives a thrilling sense of spaciousness when he comes from the crowded towns and the coastal plain and the country of the North. It gives him, too, a sense of adventure and of the Wild West. He meets constantly young men walking around with pistols in their belts. Yet he may get also a sense of isolation. Two buses a week make their toiling and dusty way through the desert from Tel-Aviv to Elath; and a daily airplane service to and from Israel's air-port at Lydda is advertised. But if the plane breaks down, as sometimes happens, the town is cut off for two or three days, without letters and without newspapers.

Hidden in the mountains on the West, above the town, is Israel's fortress guarding the frontier with Egypt on the West and the Kingdom of Jordan on the East. Four states meet in a space of 15 miles of the horseshoe crescent of the Gulf of Akaba. On the East side of the Gulf, Saudi Arabia and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and on the Northern and Western sides Israel and Egypt. And there is a fifth military force in that perimeter. For the British Army and Air Force have a base at Akaba. From Elath you see in the day the white barracks,

and in the night the gleaming lights, of the two camps, of the Arab Legion and the British base of Akaba. The frontier between the two states is marked by block-houses separated by a few hundred yards of scrub and sand. And in the Wadi, which runs between Israel and Jordan, you may see the excavations, made a few years ago, of King Solomon's port of Etzion Geber—meaning the Giant's Spine. From that port, 3,000 years ago, the ships of Judah sailed down the Red Sea to and from the Land of Sheba, carrying the copper from King Solomon's Mines, and bringing back the frankincense and the spices of Arabia and the Orient. In the Middle Ages, too, Akaba was a great mart and one of the principal stations of the Moslem Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina.

The town of Elath is spreading rapidly on the foothills above the desert valley of the Araba and along the shore of the Gulf of Akaba. Already it boasts a few roads with well-built stone-houses, an area of prefabs for the floating population of casual workers, and a tiny civic center, which includes the municipal office, a kindergarten for the dozen infants, a cooperative shop run by the Tenuva, which markets the agricultural produce of Israel, a consumers' cooperative store, which provides everything else, a post-office and a cultural club of the Labor Federation. The pride of the town is a park and botanical garden, which have been planted by Israel's botanists. Many species of sub-tropical trees and rock-flowers and cactus make a green oasis between the bare airfield and the Gulf. The water for the town and the garden has hitherto been brought from a spring some 12 miles away, which bursts out in another romantic gorge to the North. Here there was formerly an Arab encampment. Now there is a training center of the youth maintained by the Israel Army. Groups of boys and girls are brought there from the schools of Israel for a few weeks of mixed agricultural and military training. The place has been renamed "Byer Ora" (the Spring of Light), and it has become both a military post and an outpost in Israel's struggle against the desert. The youth groups are engaged in a novel form of cultivation by hydroponics. Seeds are placed in containers above tanks of water, and in a few days become tomatoes and onions.

A few kilometers North of the Spring of Light you come to the first workings of the copper-mines. That is the beginning of a mineral development, of copper, manganese and phosphate rock, which is one of Israel's greatest hopes, and which may turn the Central Negev from empty desert into a productive treasure-house. And a few kilometers further to the North, we come to another spring, more copious than the Spring of Light, which is to be henceforth the source of the water-supply of Elath. Here is another military post manned by young men and women, who have completed their military training and remain on the frontier in the fashion of the Roman 'colony' of antiquity. They are cultivating the soil and are ready at any moment to resist invasion. Yet the essential destiny of Elath depends on the sea and not on mining or agriculture. And its magic for Israel is that it opens a vista for the future on the Asiatic and African seas. The principal industry of the inhabitants already is fishing. Two groups are stationed by the Gulf. One is of Jewish youth, the other of Italian fishermen, who have been brought to Israel by a Jewish enterprise and sail their Italian smacks and throw their

Italian nets. The Gulf of Akaba abounds in fish of every kind and colour, from the shark to the painted tropical minnows. The store where the fishermen keep their catches is a wonderful sight. And a little museum of shells, coral, fish and maritime plants, which has been collected by an enthusiastic woman artist, is a joy for the eye. One day, no doubt, it will be a scientific storehouse. The Jews are not the first to make a systematic study of nature's wonderful variety in this section of the Great Rift which stretches from Palestine to Central Africa. A few miles South of the Jewish town, and close to the borders of Egyptian Sinai, there stands a solitary house, where, during the thirty years of the British Mandate for Palestine, lived an Englishman, an amateur scientist and explorer. His collections of the natural history of the Negev and Sinai, which would have been invaluable, have been lost or destroyed, and he himself has departed. One of his store-rooms has been turned into a factory for fishmeal.

The embryo port of Elath is constituted by a jetty which runs out less than a hundred yards to the deep waters of the gulf. It is used today more for unloading than for loading ships. For the Merchant Marine of Israel has not yet begun to operate in the Red Sea because of the Egyptian blockade. Since 1951, however, a few foreign vessels have brought cargoes from Africa and from Aden through the Gulf to Israel. The first, in 1951, carried, among more material things, the religious possessions of the Jewish community of the Yemen in South-West Arabia—the modern land of Sheba—which had emigrated en masse to Israel. The latest cargoes, brought by Danish vessels, have been more utilitarian; corn and cattle from Ethiopia and building materials from Kenya. The intention is to organise a regular service between the East African ports and Elath. The harbour-master is a romantic character, fitting the romantic place. Captain Peach, as he is known, is a pure German, a Christian, blonde, who had come to Palestine shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. He was born to the sea, was a German Naval officer in the War of 1914, a comrade of Niemoller, and with Niemoller a victim of Nazi persecution. He was able to escape from Germany, and was befriended by the Jews in the National Home. He has trained the Jewish youth for years in fishing, and now he is training a few, including one or two immigrants from India, in the management of a port. He and his wife live in a tiny bungalow by the side of the jetty, and he devotes his life to imparting his knowledge and his sense of the sea to young Israel.

The infant navy of Israel has also a station at Elath; but it has no war-like installation. The main vessel is a small motor-launch bearing the name, Bar Giora, after one of the heroes of the Jewish war with the Romans. On the land is a modest headquarters for a few officers and ratings. The naval station is built on one of the three rocky knolls which rise picturesquely from the shore. One of the other peaks is occupied by "Government House," the residence and offices of the civilian administrator and the planners who are preparing a town for ten thousand inhabitants. The other is given to the soldiers' club which is, both in its design and its equipment, the best building in Elath. It includes recreation rooms, a music room, a restaurant and a library and a court for

dancing. The library, apart from the Hebrew collection, is mostly of American books and American glossy magazines. British books, which are much prized, are difficult to obtain. The soldiers are at present the favoured citizens, rightly, because they work in hard and solitary places. From dawn to dusk, and after, the ways through Elath are raucous with the trucks and the jeeps which carry them to and from their posts.

The garrison of Elath is ethnically a miniature of the people of Israel gathered from all parts of the world. The soldiers are of every colour and clime, from China to Morocco; but most of the officers are of the proud race of Sabras, (that is, natives of Israel), or drawn from the earlier European immigration. Elath, in its setting of nature, is the most romantic place of Israel. And it shares with all Israel the essential human romance of a past full of memories and relics, a present full of hardships and problems, a future full of visions and hopes.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

## GREECE IN DIFFICULTIES

THE financial history of Greece has been marked by a series of defaults and devaluations. No great surprise was therefore caused by the recent devaluation of the Drachma to half its former value. In fact, for some years past, such was the public's distrust concerning the national currency that monetary contracts were recorded in gold sovereigns, despite a law forbidding the drafting of agreements in any other currency than the drachma. The latter had sunk to such a low level (200,000 dr.—£1) that the public had adopted as a monetary unit for its computations the "chiliariko" or thousand drachmae. One wonders where the 680,000 gold sovereigns, parachuted by the British to the partisans, and the two billion dollars of Marshall aid have gone to. In spite of the ravages of the war and the struggles against the communists, one would have expected to see some signs of prosperity resulting from the afflux of this considerable mass of wealth. Except, however, for the centre of Athens with its well-stocked shops and luxurious new buildings, erected by those who sought to safeguard their savings against the periodical depreciation of the drachma, one is met by appalling scenes of wretchedness and poverty. The whole plain of Attica has been converted into a sprawling agglomeration of shanties, where hundreds of thousands of refugees are miserably lodged, an easy prey to the communist agitators who exert in their midst an insidious campaign of hatred against the wealthy and the existing order.

In spite of the favourable ground for its development, communism has not made much headway in Greece. In the 1951 elections, 160,000 votes were recorded in its favour, in the 1952 elections, 178,000. If it were not for the Varsika agreement, imposed by Great Britain in order to propitiate Russia while the Yalta talks were going on, the communists would have been obliged to seek shelter behind the iron curtain after their failure to seize power at the end of 1944. The amnesty, however, which followed, permitted them to remain in Greece and prepare the revolt of 1947. The terroristic methods they had employed alienated most of their sympathisers, and when it became obvious to their leaders

that Russian help was not forthcoming and that they had to face the resolute efforts of the Greek army to put an end to their activities, they gave up the struggle and sought refuge in the neighbouring satellite states. The letter addressed by the commander of the communist forces, "General" Markos, to Zachariades, the secretary general of the party, who after being interned in Dachau by the Germans was flown to Greece in a British plane at the end of the war, is characteristic of the disenchantment they experienced and of the realisation of the harm they were causing. "If Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Moscow don't carry out their promises," Markos stated in conclusion, "I am resolved to repudiate every agreement and follow the path of a soldier who fought a battle and lost. For you must know that their plan will smash every stone in Greece and we shall be compelled to get into debt ten times more deeply than before to rebuild Greece. Our struggle consequently is without purpose if it is to bring us greater disasters." Greek communists apparently, judging from this letter, are not in their majority blind tools of the Kremlin, but have at heart the well being of their nation and to this may be partly attributed the cessation of their activities in spite of the propitious conditions surrounding them, such as the striking contrast between the indigence in the periphery and the opulence in the centre of Athens where the flaunting rich revel in displaying the signs of their wealth in the face of the half-starving poor, a spectacle disclosing a growing cleavage in the nation, pregnant with serious dangers.

The indifference of the well-to-do to the welfare of the nations may be gauged by the attitude of the Greek shipowners who control the third largest fleet after that of the U.S.A. and Great Britain. Prior to the war the mercantile marine was one of the main sources of the invisible imports which contributed to redressing the permanent deficit of the commercial balance. Today, income from this however does not exceed annually \$30 million, because 1,258 ships of 8,726,292 tons have been placed under foreign flags to evade taxation, while only a tonnage of 1,175,986 tons sails under the Greek flag, and this mainly because it is engaged in the coastal service, strictly reserved to Greek ships. If the whole tonnage, controlled, or owned by Greeks, were to pass under the Greek flag, a revenue of some \$200 million would flow annually into the national exchequer and would contribute substantially to placing the national finances on a healthier basis. It may be also noted that many of the shipowners acquired their ships from the U.S.A., thanks to the guarantee given by the Greek government. Another effect of these tactics of the shipowners is the resulting unemployment of the seafaring population of Piraeus, 50% of the registered sailors living actually on the dole, while ship-repairing yards are lying idle, the work available not exceeding 5% of that of pre-war years, costs being excessive in comparison with those charged in Italian and other yards. It must be admitted in the shipowners' defence that the attempt to convert Greece into a welfare state has increased operating charges, brought about by social legislation to such an extent that they seriously handicap Greek ships competing with those under other flags.

It is notorious that the wealthy classes are not contributing their fair share to taxation. Bankers and industrialists continue to hold the reins

and are able to flout even a dictator's decrees, such as that of the late General Metaxas, as the present writer showed in an article published by this review in July, 1939. It is affirmed that 60% of the financial aid granted to industry benefited seven industrialists. They were supposed to invest an equal amount of capital of their own in their enterprises, to sell their manufactures at reasonable prices, and pay a low rate of interest on the loans granted to them instead of the prevailing rate of 30%. None of these conditions were carried out and to make matters worse, they made further large profits by presenting fictitious invoices in which the machines and materials they imported were grossly overestimated. While salaries have increased 200 to 400 times since 1938, the cost of living to 366 times, manufactured articles are 460 to 600 times dearer. The income of the masses has increased 350 times, that of the industrialists and traders 500 to 600 times. There is thus a greater inequality, which confers on the favoured minority more spending power. Unfortunately their savings are not invested in productive enterprises but are used to hoard gold or exported for safety abroad. It is supposed that they will derive huge profits from the devaluation since they owed enormous sums of drachmae to the State's banks. The cost of agricultural produce on the other hand has only been raised by 300 or 350 times, which is not encouraging to the rural population since it is obliged to disburse a higher percentage of its income for the acquisition of indispensable manufactured articles. This may account for the low productivity of agriculture, though its fostering is the best way of improving the economic condition of Greece, and there is an immense scope for an amelioration since the yield of wheat per hectare is one of the lowest in Europe, namely, 950 kg. per ht. against 1,720 in France and 2,620 in Great Britain. If conditions in the rural districts were improved Greece could become self-supporting as regards cereals. Already in 1952 the yield of wheat attained 1,050,000 tons, while consumption is reckoned to amount to 1,250,000 tons. Unfortunately politicians so far have given little heed to the requirements of the countryside. The Minister for Northern Greece, returning recently from an inspection, declared that the terrible state of the villagers in N.W. Greece was scarcely imaginable and that the population of Eastern Thrace had been completely abandoned to itself by the authorities. General Papagos in a speech delivered at Kastoria lamented that there were 18,000 homeless in the district of Grevena and that only 30% of the refugees had been repatriated. An Athens paper last January reported that in the region of Lamia twenty villages had been abandoned by the 2,790 families inhabiting them because there were no roads, no schools, no telephones and no medical aid available, and only 13 old priests to comfort the suffering. The paper, further stressing the state of dereliction of the countryside, had inserted a photograph of a roofless and windowless school in which some 700 children of the region of Karpenisi were receiving tuition. A Lesbian paper complained that since 1913, when the island reverted to Greece, the roads had not been repaired and had become impassable, and that owing to the prevailing distress children fainted in the schools owing to being half-starved. The islanders admit that their condition was infinitely better while under Turkish rule, as was the lot of the Dodecanesians under Italian, but none would agree to



change Greek sovereignty for the former political status of their islands. Such indomitable patriotism is as rare as it is admirable, for few people would willingly starve rather than live under foreign rule.

Medical aid is altogether inadequate outside the towns. Of the 8,000 doctors in Greece, half reside in Athens, 400 in the Piraeus and 500 at Salonica. To remedy the situation, the government intends to compel graduating medical students to practice in the countryside up to the age of forty before allowing them to settle in urban districts. The unconcern of the politicians and of the general public about problems not affecting Athens is astounding. The provinces are being depopulated and an unceasing migration to the capital is in course. Its population, with its expanding suburbs and of Piraeus, has attained and probably surpassed 2 millions out of a total population of 7,600,000. In the financial year 1951-2, 16,951 buildings were erected in Athens at a cost of 1,021,404,861 drachmae. This continuous growth is a veritable danger to the country and in case of war the Athenians will be threatened with starvation. Already the water supply has become insufficient, local communications unmanageable, and the stranger meets insuperable difficulties in seeking accommodation for hotels are full to overflowing.

If Greece has not profited proportionately from American aid as other countries, this is due to the fact that a large share was absorbed in financing the fight against the communists instead of being spent on reconstruction. Most of the remaining funds were expended in building and equipping factories. These brought only temporary relief for their output exceeded local requirements. As both fuel and raw materials were imported from abroad, the manufactured articles were not competitive in price and had to be protected by high tariffs against similar imported goods. The attempt to export surpluses proved ruinous to the treasury as they had to be heavily subsidised, and even that method proved unavailing in the end, so that many factories are closing or working on short time. This is one of the reasons why the cost of living has risen to 366 times the level of 1938 and has rendered Greece one of the most expensive countries in Europe to live in. It should be remembered that Greece had been a victim of a deliberate aggression by the communists. The satellite states at the instigation of Moscow armed, trained and supplied the invading forces with all they required in their fight with the Greek troops. Rail and lorry convoys brought down supplies to the Greeks frontier and took back the wounded. Greece was left to deal single-handed with the menace and it is not surprising that Moscow, encouraged by the passivity manifested by UNO, decided to repeat the same stroke in Korea. Had international help been available to Greece and the requisite funds forthcoming, a Greek army of 500,000 could have been easily raised which would have put a rapid end to the communist threat. Recruiting from among the 960,000 unemployed would have been popular, for occasionally youths were reported to have been arrested while attempting to cross into Bulgaria with the purpose of joining the "Democratic" army because they would be "decently fed and clothed." Instead large sums were devoted to arming Tito's forces, which until lately had collaborated with the communists in Greece. This was a highly unpolitical act since it assisted Tito to crush the resis-



tance of the farmers in Yugoslavia who constitute a solid barrier to the expansion of communism and discourages the peasantry in the satellite states in its opposition to Bolshevism.

Much has been said of the incapacity and favouritism characterising the administration. Such evils are inherent in governments based on the spoils system. With every change of government the party acceding to office is obliged to fill the administration with its partisans who voted it into power. The present government has promised to put a stop to such practices, but this will prove a formidable task for it is widely held that access to political power is the easiest avenue to wealth, and it will be hard to alter this conviction since it was prevalent from classical times as is recorded in Plato's *Hippias Major* when the latter is made to deliver himself of this pronouncement while conversing with Socrates: "As to politics, and especially those connected with our country, what is finest is the possession of power and what is ugliest is the want of power." It is paradoxical that in Plato's birthplace his teachings are so completely ignored or misinterpreted. The universities are besieged and add to the general misery by turning out hundreds of unemployable law graduates whose main accomplishments are intellectual subtlety and mental dexterity. It would seem that Thrasyarchus of the *Republic* and Calicles of the *Gorgias* have been erroneously chosen as models by the intelligentsia, though, to quote Berkeley, "Where the people are well educated the art of piloting a State is best learnt from the writings of Plato."

It is fortunate for Greece that at this critical period of her existence she has as Prime Minister a person enjoying the boundless confidence of the nation, for the programme of draconian austerities which he proposes to impose would strain the loyalty of an even more patient and frugal people than the Greeks, already impoverished and exhausted by the harsh bludgeoning of fate. With the ceasing of Marshall Aid, Greece was faced with a problem constituting the most serious challenge to the nation's statesmanship that has arisen since the German occupation. Owing to the very limited resources of the country there is a limit to the economies that can be effected. The national income per head is reckoned to amount to \$150 only, military expenditure absorbs 53% of the budget and is a crushing burden to an impoverished community. General Papagos declares that it is impossible to reduce the army which is double its pre-war size owing to the threatening attitude of the satellite states which continue to receive more military equipment than Greece. It behoves therefore N.A.T.O. to alleviate these charges by sharing expenses. It is to be hoped that the American Congress will favourably consider the modest programme for restoring the economic stability of the country which the Greek Minister of Co-ordination has submitted, and which consists mainly of investment projects for electric power stations which would reduce Greece's dependence on imported coal and enable her to exploit remuneratively her bauxite deposits. Cheap electric energy would also permit the creation of a chemical industry capable of supplying the artificial manure needed for the development of agriculture.

It may be of interest to know that General Papagos would have rendered

a signal service to this country had his advice been taken at the time. When British aid was offered to Greece early in 1941 both General Metaxas and General Papagos rejected the proposal as likely to provoke German aggression without being in a position to check it. General Papagos argued that nine divisions were needed whereas only 2 or 3 were offered, and he opined that it would be wiser for us to complete our victory in Africa where General Wavell was driving the Italians out of Libya. Unhappily after the demise of General Metaxas, on January 29th, 1941, the new Greek Prime Minister gave way to the growing pressure of the British Cabinet. Our troops were withdrawn from Cyrenaica and sent to Greece with deplorable results for all concerned involving heavy losses in men and needless devastation. Our interference in Greek affairs has seldom been felicitous, we involved the Greeks in the disastrous campaign of Asia Minor and then left them in the lurch. We provided the partisans in Greece with weapons to use against the Germans, but instead they were used against the Greeks. Sir Ian Hamilton's remarks in his book *The Friends of England* are still pertinent. "It was hard luck on the Greeks meeting Lloyd George, they have had a very rough time of it. . . . If ever the chance arises, I think we should try and compensate the poor Greeks for having brought them the gifts which have ruined them. When all is said and done, they are the only Balkan State which cares two pins for us."

G. C. LOGIO.

## THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

**T**RAFFIC on the Alaska Highway has increased to a spectacular extent since this remarkable road was handed over to the civil authorities of the United States Territory of Alaska, and of Canada's Yukon Territory and Northern British Columbia in 1947. Indeed, these last six years have seen an increase of 566.3% in traffic and passengers heading for the mining and military "construction camps" supplied by this wide and excellently maintained highway. Last year it carried only three short of 35,000 construction miners and 13,593 vehicles ranging from private cars to great trucks with 18 wheels and a laden weight of eighty-seven tons. Log entries shown to me by the Canadian official at the "frontier post" on the border between Yukon Territory and Alaska indicate a 20% increase over last year's record traffic figures already, with the peak months to October still to come. For this great military artery has become of first rate importance as an industrial artery. Spanning the incredibly wild heart of Northern British Columbia, Canada's Yukon Territory and the United States Territory of Alaska, for strategical purposes its construction and constant improvement have opened to development hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin territory rich in minerals, waterpower, timber, fish, big game—natural wealth once beyond broaching except where it lay close to the great navigable rivers of the Northlands.

The early explorers were alert to the mineral wealth of Northern British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska. As far back as the middle of last century prospectors were penetrating this river, sub-Arctic

wilderness in search of gold. They found fabulous riches in gold—and much more. But the natural wealth they discovered lay in the recesses of a vast wilderness that towered to nearly 20,000 feet, where the only means of travel was by dog-team in winter and in summer by canoe or flat bottom boat. Subsequently—and particularly following the gold rush to the Klondyke in 1898—horse-trails were developed, and then two one-horse railways, one from Whitehorse (now capital of Yukon Territory) to Skagway, on the Pacific coast of Alaska and a main entry-point for the Klondyke Gold Rush, the other from Fairbanks to Anchorage (both in Alaska). These improvements helped considerably towards the broaching of the Northlands gold deposits. But it was not possible fully to prospect this vast area, let alone broach, for example, the rich and extensive lead-zinc-silver deposits of the Keno-Mayo area, just south of the Klondyke. Why? Even ten years ago corners of the Yukon, of Northern British Columbia and of Alaska exceeding the size of France had yet to be mapped, let alone served by an adequate transport system.

The Alaska Highway not only linked the existing river network to the horse-trails and the two one-horse railways. It offered a spine from which to drive new roads towards known—and new—mineral deposits. Several major highways have been driven out from the Alaska Highway. One of these is the road that served the wartime Canol Pipeline (along which oil flowed to the Alaska Highway from Canada's Arctic oilfields). This road offers easy access to a truly huge area vastly rich in mineral resources. Another is the Hart Highway: 300 miles long it spans an area the size of France, linking the base of the Alaska Highway with Canada's Pacific coast. Completed less than 12 months ago, it has opened to development deposits of oil, iron ore, gold, base metals, coal, tungsten, and sources of hydro-electric power and timber. One thousand miles to the north of this new rib to the Alaska Highway another new road runs away through viciously wild—and mineral rich—country to the port of Haines, on Alaska's Pacific coast, and yet further to the north a third rib runs away from the Alaska Highway to the port of Valdez, through which the American Military and Airforce base of Fairbanks (also an important gold-mining centre) is supplied.

The two most important developments to date are those among the towering wild, ice-clad Keno peaks a little south of the Klondyke, and in the neighbourhood of Fort St. John, 37 miles up the Highway where oil has been struck. The Keno deposits are among the richest of base metals in North America. They cover an area of 14 square miles, and I was told locally that "Project Keno" is one of the most important post-war mining developments in Canada. The deposits were first worked way back in 1919; small quantities of ore were brought out by river to Whitehorse, terminus of the railway to the deep-water Alaskan port of Skagway, but the lack of suitable transport facilities made it possible to mine on only a very small scale. In 1951 a road was driven through from the Alaska Highway just north of Whitehorse, across 400 miles of mountains to the deposits. It cost \$5,000,000, an outlay already repaid by the constant stream of concentrates-loaded trucks that roar south from Keno into the Alaska Highway, towards Whitehorse for rail and sea transport to the smelter at Trail, near Vancouver. There is a probability that the

new Alaska-Highway-to-Keno road may be extended 80 miles to the Klondyke. This would greatly benefit the British-owned company operating seven gold dredges along creeks which witnessed the Klondyke Rush of '98, reducing its operating costs and thereby increasing its profits. It would also contribute towards further mineral development in the whole Klondyke area.

As for oil its discovery along the Alaska Highway is certain to prompt startling industrial developments in this rugged territory yet to be fully mapped. The Highway is served by a 4-inch pipeline from the Pacific coast, and this is to be supplemented this year by one of eight-inch diameter. Nonetheless a source of petrol on the spot would prove of great value, particularly to Highway traffic. The oil companies drilling in the wild country flanking the Highway are reserved in their statements. But I was told at Fort St. John that the gravity of the oil that spurted from a gusher there in November 1951 was the highest from any drilling in Western Canada (including those in the Alberta Oilfields) with a rating of 37.7, and that a refinery is to be built on the Highway to serve its growing traffic when the extent of the oil fields have been ascertained. Meanwhile the Highway is flanked by drilling derricks, some of them standing within a few feet of its flanking ditches. This magnificent road, on which speeds of 70 m.p.h. are possible, has made it possible for geologists to enter with ease regions once beyond the reach of all but the best-found expeditions. The Highway was forbidden to civil traffic during the war. But Canadian geologists "were almost queued up" at Mile Post Zero (Dawson Creek, B.C. at the railhead from Edmonton, Alberta) when the war came to an end in 1945, since when an increasing number of field parties have been at work on the vast areas of mountain and *muskeg* flanking the Highway and roads as that from Whitehorse to Keno.

This point was driven home to me during three months travelling up and down the Alaska Highway and its new ribs. There was evidence of drilling for oil every few miles between Fort St. John (Mile 37) to north of Whitehorse, a distance of more than 1,000 miles. While crossing wild (and up to 1948 almost unexplored country) north of Lake Kluane with an Indian I came upon three field parties of geologists, two from the Departments of Mines and Resources and one backed by mining interests. Nearly 100 miles from The Highway in Northern British Columbia I came upon a party engaged in surveying with airborne magnetometres. Privately backed, it was operating with Norsemen aircraft fitted with floats for landing on lake or river. Results of the work of previous summers is reflected in the development of extensive deposits of asbestos to the left of the Highway about 600 miles from its starting point at Dawson Creek (Mile Zero). I travelled some 200 miles up the Alaska Highway in one of the trucks carrying building material and machinery to the site of the new mine. At another point a newly bulldozed "road" leads to a deposit of tungsten, hard by which miners' quarters and mine buildings were being erected; and the work of locating further mineral deposits and of driving roads to them from the main artery of the North is being pressed ahead.

The big problem faced by truck operators on the Alaska Highway is that of maintenance. The gravel surface is "death to tyres": the road

is flanked by two long lines of blown outer covers. A breakdown means a major towing job, perhaps of 150 miles and more. The distances involved add considerably to the cost of spares and petrol. "Gas" at Burwash Landing (at Mile 1160) is twice the price it is at Dawson Creek (at Mile Zero), where the Highway is linked to the Alberta Oilfields by rail. Tyres increase in price at each pull-in on the way north, those at Fairbanks being more than fifty per cent higher than tyres at Whitehorse (500 miles to the south). This applies to everything from the hand fire-extinguishers to the food necessary to the sustenance of the trucker. The construction of the Highway is one of the great road-building feats of our time. In the course of only nine months and six days it was flung across a largely unexplored wilderness of rock, bog, forest and mountain, at a cost of \$138,000,000. At the height of the work 27,000 men were employed in road building. They laid more than 8,000 culverts, exceeding in all fifty miles in length, built 133 bridges (totalling seven miles).

With the return of peace control and maintenance of the Alaskan portion of the road was handed over to the Alaska Road Commission and the Canadian section to the Canadian Government for administration by army engineers under an organization known as the Northwest Highway System. But for the mobile maintenance gangs of the North-west and the Alaska Road Commission, truck services would be impossible, for except in the mountains the Highway's foundations are of earth, the surface of locally excavated gravel.

In summer, traffic is liable to be held up by subsidences, and 'washouts' following rains, in winter by what the Canadians call *glachiers*. I was held up by washouts three times between Whitehorse and Fairbanks. Just south of Burwash-Landing (Mile 1093), 100 yards of road had collapsed, and I was able to witness the speed with which the maintenance gangs get to work. We backed into a gravel pit and returned up the road to a telephone 'point' from which he called up a road-maintenance depot some ten miles away. Turning again, we headed back to the washout and awaited the arrival of the first yellow-painted truck. Arriving within twenty-five minutes, it was followed by heavy road-maintenance vehicles, and in the remarkably short space of fifty minutes the earth-and gravel-spreading vehicles pulled out of our way and we rolled cautiously across loose earth. The surface is generally better in winter than in summer. The gravel is covered with snow between October and April, and with the freezing of the first snow maintenance vehicles tow along the road toothed contraptions that scar the surface, giving it "grip." The cold, however, offers many hazards. Temperatures of 70°F. are not uncommon: engines seize-up, tyres split, working parts crystallise and shatter; and moisture in the ground, compressed between the frozen subsoil and the frozen surface, wells up to the surface there to freeze into veritable glaciers which, left to form, would quickly pile up to a depth of 15 or 20 feet over miles of road. These *glachiers* are the major winter problem of the road maintenance men, who counter them with dynamite, steam jets, burning oil, bulldozers and picks. Secondary hazards include foraging wolf packs (and the sub-Arctic wolf weighs anything up to 180 lbs. and measures up to 9 feet from nose to tail), charging moose, and ill-natured grizzly bears. There are records of

moose charging trucks and shattering private cars, and many more of ¾-ton grizzlies and the even larger Alaskan brown-bear (the largest of the carnivorae) charging—and seriously damaging—vehicles. But despite cold that will freeze the moisture on a man's eyeballs and "gum-up" his truck, *glachiers* and blizzards, and the hazards arising from interrupting the normal way of life of the layer of the sub-Arctic's wild denizens, the traffic is kept rolling from the "first cold" of October and through the dark winter to spring, carrying military and mining gear "north" and returning south with mineral concentrates and machinery needing repair.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

## THE TWO GERMANIES ONCE AGAIN

WHEN reading German post-war books on political problems, one immediately remembers the books written by Germans after the first world war because they are full of the same spirit as their predecessors. I propose to deal here with two of those writers who, between 1918 and 1933, did their best to help Hitler into power. One is Werner Beumelburg who, in 1928, wrote *Germany in Bondage* raging in the Hitlerian manner against the Treaty of Versailles. The nation, he then wrote, "was terribly embittered by the *Erfüllungspolitik* of the Government," with the consequence that young nationalists in 1922 killed the then Foreign Minister Walter Rathenau. He reproached the socialists and democrats for persecuting the nationalists and thus embittering the nation all the more. Hitler's *putsch* on November 9th, 1923, was called by Beumelburg "the great day of retribution for November 9th, 1918," which, he added sorrowfully, "ended tragically." But in 1930 he could enter in his chronicle with satisfaction: "Parliament has disappeared, the nation utters a sigh of relief." And once more he raged against "the ignominy which we have to bear. That system has fought the national idea for ten years." And he concluded: "Our prayer is that we may go the way prescribed by fate with vigour and resolution," thus taking up again the ideas he had uttered in the Preface: "The fight for our future has only started. The knowledge of this fact asks for courage and the utter exertion of our nationalism, if we do not want to get used to the chains into which we have been put."

Recently Herr Beumelburg has published a sequel to his first book which he called *Years without Pity*. But this book does not contain what one might expect from its title. Its aim is, the author asserts, to fight against "the preconceived opinions which we meet when people talk or write about the second world war. The German nation has a right to know what has really happened during those years without pity." His book pretends to be "a chronicle of the last war, and to avoid no question which must be dealt with for the sake of historical truth." He asserts that he has studied all the available sources, but adds that "the material of the Nuremberg trial" must be "studied with the greatest caution." Here are one or two examples of his way of telling his readers what has *really* happened in the years 1939—1945.

We hear that the SS fought very valiantly in order to justify the trust Hitler had put into it, but we hear nothing of what else they have done,



say, the burning of Oradour with all its inhabitants. He complains bitterly about the bombing of German towns and condemns "the officially sanctioned principle of mass-killing of innocent people" (not even Jesus Christ will, he knows, forgive this), but he never mentions the killing of 6,000,000 Jews, or any other of the innumerable crimes perpetrated by his fellow countrymen in nearly all the countries of Europe. He tells, as a matter of course, of "the great bombing" of Rotterdam which "caused a terrible massacre among the civilian population," and when speaking of Yugoslavia he says: "As usual, the German government delivered a note in Belgrade while German bombers, in repeated attacks, were already turning the town into a grave-yard." The Allied bombing of Dresden, however, on February 2nd, 1945, he calls "the work of the Devil. Since that day every German knew that there was no mercy for them either in the East or in the West." He concludes his book with the words: "May God have mercy on us all and give us peace." But if he were a true Christian as he pretends to be, he would know that what has befallen the Germans was the punishment for their horrible crimes; he would agree with Thomas Mann who said that in every German living room should be a placard with the words: "Why have our towns been destroyed? Why has Germany been torn into two parts? Because it has lost the cruellest war of history. Who has plunged us into that war? Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist regime."

Another German nationalist is Hans Grimm, author of the notorious novel, *Volk ohne Raum*, who once said: "Already before 1914, one fifth of the earth belonged to the English, one sixth to the Russians, and only one fortieth to the Germans. Divide the earth up according to the number of heads, and peace will be possible." Recently he addressed a lengthy Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury (translated into English under the title *Answer of a German*) alleging that his novel "had been misunderstood in Germany and abroad." The war, he adds, might have been avoided if his advice had been accepted. And "National Socialism would not have deteriorated into Hitlerism." Again and again he differentiates between the later deterioration of that movement, and what he calls the "early and genuine National Socialism, a moral, a religious movement" which, "at last, after nearly two thousand years of half-heartedness intentionally tried to realise the Gospel on earth." If we are to believe him, that early National Socialism "contained a unique promise for Europe, if only Great Britain had associated herself with the Third Reich as an understanding friend." For also in Great Britain there was then "a movement of renewal," that of Sir Oswald Mosley. The second world war was, he asserts, Germany's "greatest and belated war of defence." The Nuremberg Trial was unjust, and "the confession of guilt made by the churches premature." On the contrary, he says, the West "bears the terrible responsibility for the second world war." Again and again he complains about what the Poles and Czechs have done to the Germans in the East; he never mentions the German atrocities in Poland, Russia and Czechoslovakia, and the war against France he even calls "humane."

German Catholic writers, on the other hand, who had nothing to do with the madness and barbarities of National Socialism, try to rouse the



conscience of their fellow countrymen because of what they have done during thirteen terrible years, and exhort them to repent and abjure all nationalism. The Catholic poet, Reinhold Schneider, addressed his nation in a very moving sonnet: "On every bed crouches your Guilt, and, buried under ruins, without shroud and coffin, on the bare earth, it accuses you. . . . Do penance and pray! Honour your dead killed by your guilt. Do not ask God, ask your own hearts which accuse you bitterly. . . ." The Catholic novelist, Stefan Andres, said in 1952: "There are crimes which cannot be forgotten. We must keep alive the memory of the most ungodly and inhuman period of history. . . . But our National Socialist 'heroes' say in public—everything is possible again!—that they are keeping their faith in the Führer and his ideals."

The famous Catholic thinker, Romano Guardini, recently published his lecture on the German *Responsibility* in which he said: "Something terrible is inscribed in the pages of our history of the last two decades. It is guilt which burdens our conscience and asks for settlement." Continuing, he reminded his audience of university students that the Germans had "dishonoured, robbed, tortured, and killed a great number of innocent people. A very great number, five or six millions. They were not killed in the heat of passion but in accordance with a theory well thought-out and made the programme of the state. This was something new, never heard-of in previous history." Herr Grimm, however, is of the opinion: "If we leave aside the things done to the Jews, it must be said that more has been done for the health of German mothers and children in the years from 1933 to 1939 than ever before in any country." Guardini, in his turn, asked his hearers to consider what great Germans like Goethe, Hölderlin, Mozart, Bach, or the great men of other nations, Aeschylus, Plato, St. Augustine, Dante, would say about the conduct of the Germans—they could, he answered, "feel only speechless terror." But, added Professor Guardini, the worst of all was the German behaviour after the war. "It is a matter of great alarm how little our people thinks about what has happened. How can they go on living as if all this had not happened?" While Herr Beumelburg asserts defiantly that his chronicle is "not a book of self-humiliation," Guardini accuses all those Germans who "deny" or even "defend" the crimes perpetrated by their fellow countrymen, and who "hate those against whom they have become guilty." The reason is that they want to evade their responsibility. "If you are proud of the great things your nation has done, you must also accept the responsibility for the evil things." Nobody can say: "This is no concern of mine," everybody must "pronounce judgment over one's own self." He compares the deeds of the National Socialists with those of the Russian Communists who also decreed: "This or that sociological or ethnological group of men has no right to exist. . . . The totalitarian state thinks to be entitled to dispose of the individual. Such modern autonomous states throw off all inhibitions and deny man's inalienable right to exist. If they ordain, nothing else counts, no right, neither God nor man." This way of thinking "is a greater danger, and more destructive, than atom bombs and germ warfare."

J. LESSER.

## ALAIN-FOURNIER

IN "Some Principles of Fiction" Mr. Robert Liddell has an appendix dealing with three writers: Marcel Proust, Forrest Reid and Henri Alain-Fournier. This section is entitled "Intimations of Immortality," and it provides a much needed corrective to the prevailing school of gloom and hell-fire. With wit and good sense he shows that these three writers were all searching for the past, recalling memories of early childhood, describing their nostalgia for a paradise, an Eden they seemed once to have known; and he stresses the importance in literature of these feelings. Henri Alain-Fournier is the clearest example of a man in search of heaven. His life and death would furnish sufficient material for a romantic novel and his death in the 1914-18 war when he was still very young is like the curtain fall of a strange tragedy. If he had lived longer it is doubtful if he would have written more; for he had nothing more to say—though he might have written verse. He wrote his book "Le Grand Meaulnes"—and one might call it "Alain-Fournier", the title is equally haunting—delivered up his book to the world and died in a hideous war, hugging his romance to the last. His life recalls that of Chatterton or Rimbaud and we imagine him as one of those boys who grave-eyed, tight-lipped and lonely, stare at us from portraits of which the identity has been long lost.

Alain-Fournier lived in central France, in Sologne, an undistinguished province of swamps, barren land, fir woods, modest villages and dusty roads that wind away to nowhere—and châteaux isolated and neglected. This region, wild and decayed, was his first home and the breeding ground of his spiritual vision. He wrote to his friend Jacques Rivière of Nançay: "You get there, after five leagues" journey by hidden ways, in old carts. It's a country lost in the Sologne; the roads are all dry; all the way there are the yellow points of firs, fir woods on the neighbouring plains, horse-flies in the air, game that stops your path. There are always stories of smashed carts, floods, a horse bogged in the ford where they tried to water him. There Uncle Florent has a big general shop—a kind of world in itself like 'David Copperfield'. Behind it is a huge kitchen, like that of a farmhouse, where the family has its meals, in a jumble of children, dogs and guns. There are long days shooting in the woods or on the moors—luncheon, perhaps, with the gamekeeper of some exquisite small country house, buried in this wild landscape. You come home at evening, through the shop, busy by lamp-light, and drop off to sleep from exhaustion on a kitchen-chair, waiting for dinner. Old faded photographs are passed round—school groups of one's father's boyhood." This is a scene which in essence if not in particular we seem to remember from our own childhood; it recalls the cosy domestic scenes in Dickens. There were other memories for Alain-Fournier—his grandparents' house at La Chapelle d'Angillon where he would smell the bread brought hot from the baker's at midday, his grandmother's cherry brandy and the ravishing odours of the larder and gardens. But childhood is too distant a memory for the majority of us. Not so for Alain-Fournier. He wrote to his friend "of the dream of finding a friend who can thrill to your own past . . . I believe that is what one seeks, above all, in love". What was the past of Alain-Fournier and what kind of friend did he find? The

past was the region of fir woods and mysterious châteaux, many of them exquisite, deserted and decayed, so isolated that one seemed to discover rather than visit them. The friend who would help him to find his own past was a beautiful young girl. He imagined her rather "as a young lady, under a white parasol opening the gate of a château, some heavy afternoon in the country". The reality was not less romantic.

Alain-Fournier was at school in Paris. June 1st, 1905, Ascension Day, was a holiday and he went to an Art Exhibition at the Petit Palais. Coming out he saw in front of him descending the stair-case a tall fair girl. He followed her to a house in the Boulevard St. Germain, and when free from his studies frequently returned there in the following week. On Whit Sunday he waited outside the house until she came out. They took the same tram and both alighted at St. Germain des Prés. Getting into the tram he had said, "You are beautiful"; now he said, "Will you forgive me?" and she replied, "What do you want with me, sir? I don't know you—leave me." But he followed her into the church and found her at Mass behind the high altar. A woman came round collecting chair money—the charge was two sous—and he gave her his only sou leaving himself without pocket money. He followed the girl out of the church and waited in anguish . . . if she took a tram there was no hope for him because he had no money for fares. Her curiosity had been stirred and she walked towards the Seine. Alain-Fournier followed and they talked . . . "Then begins the great, beautiful, strange mysterious conversation . . . she listens now as if she had realized who I am; her blue eyes rest on me with sweetness, almost with friendship. It is as if we understood, each of us, who we are . . . No more defences, no more embarrassment; we talk . . . as if we were alone in the world, as if this admirable Whit Sunday morning had been, from all eternity, prepared for us two . . . I told her my plans, my hopes . . . also that I had begun to write, poems, that my friends liked. She smiled a little. Then I took courage and asked in my turn: "And you, won't you tell me your name?" They parted at the Invalides. "We must separate. We are two children, we've been mad." He promised not to follow and stood on the bridge watching as she walked out of sight. To all his questions and expressed hopes she had kept on saying, "A quoi bon . . . what's the good?" On Ascension Day the following year he went to the same place and waited for her—in vain, however. Yet, by the strange irony of fortune, he did meet her again when she was a wife and mother. She may still be living.

This strange and beautiful girl passed into his imagination together with the country of his birth to which he always longed to return; she had joined the mysterious castles, their overgrown walks, weed-covered lakes and their desolate isolation. Perhaps she had always belonged there, had merely strayed into the Parisian scene. Alain-Fournier gave her a romantic name, Yvonne de Galais. "I am dreaming of a long novel," he wrote to his sister, "I am dreaming of a long novel that revolves round her, in a setting which will be Epineuil and Nançay—she's found, lost, found again. . . . It will be called *The Wedding Day* . . . the young man, perhaps, will run away on the evening of the marriage, out of fear of this too-beautiful thing given him, because he has understood that Paradise is out of this world. . . ." And so began the novel he had

always intended to write. Yvonne de Galais, as we must call the girl he met in Paris, is connected with the book in two ways: she was the friend who thrilled to his own past, who caused him to search back for the Paradise that was out of this world, and she was also the heroine of the novel itself. And the book is neither of life nor of the dream world. "I want to express the mystery of the unknown world that I desire . . . I want to make this personal world of mine live, the mysterious world of my desire, the new and faraway country of my heart . . . a life recalled with my past life, a countryside that the actual countryside makes me desire." This nostalgia for familiar countryside reminds us of Emily Brönte or, in French literature, of Gerard de Nerval who has so many points of resemblance with Alain-Fournier. Gerard De Nerval longed for a beloved he was never to know; so too did Alain-Fournier, and the loss of Yvonne de Galais "desolated" him: "My country no longer wears the same face, reticent, mysterious and adorable. My paths don't lead any more towards the country of that soul, a country 'curious' and mysterious like her. I've lost the delicious and bitter 'fancies' that she woke in me, and that were my whole life. Now I'm alone, at the centre of the earth." Alone! He tried for a while to lose himself with other women but this only increased his isolation. There was no peace and there was no means of relieving his loneliness, not even religion and a cult of the Virgin could help him. He had to write his novel. And it is from all these sources, from these inspirations, from this loneliness that we have *Le Grand Meaulnes*. Meaulnes is a big lad, a schoolboy who plays truant one day and gets lost in the Sologne. He finds himself in a ruined château full of strange people dressed in fantastic costumes—children, clowns and old peasant folks. Franz de Galais, the son of the house, is to be married and has gone to bring home his bride. Meanwhile Meaulnes, mixing with the children, stares about him in wonder and delight. He is near to the feeling he had experienced at the beginning of this adventure: "an extraordinary contentment uplifted him, a perfect and almost intoxicating tranquillity, the certitude that his end was now achieved, and that he had nothing but happiness now to expect." Paradise seemed very near. Yvonne de Galais, sister of the bridegroom, plays songs for the children in the evening and the next morning, when they go boating on the lake, Meaulnes has a conversation with her—the same conversation that Alain-Fournier had with the fair girl in Paris, by the Seine, on Whit Sunday morning. That evening Franz de Galais returns home. His bride, frightened of too much happiness, would not agree to marry him. The party is over and the guests depart. Meaulnes is set on the road home but falls asleep and afterwards cannot remember the way. His only souvenir of this strange feast is an article of fancy dress, a silk waistcoat with mother of pearl buttons.

The story is now concerned with the attempt to re-discover the estate and its strange owners. At the outset of the story Meaulnes has been boarding with the schoolmaster and his wife of a village called St. Agathe. The son of these teachers is François Seurel, a lame boy, who is the confidant of Meaulnes and narrator of the story. François Seurel continues the quest after the departure of Meaulnes. For Meaulnes gave up hope and tried to live in Paris; as he says, "I've tried to live there, in

Paris, when I saw that everything was over and that it was not even worth the trouble any more, to look for the lost *demesne*. . . . But a man who has once leapt into Paradise, how can he get used after it to the life of the rest of the world? What is happiness to others seemed mockery to me. And when one day I decided, sincerely and deliberately, to behave like other people, that day I piled up remorse enough for many a long day." No, there is no peace for the man who has tasted Eden; God has willed for man that . . . "if goodness lead him not, yet weariness

May toss him to My breast."

Yet, as Alain-Fournier later met the girl he first knew in Paris, so in the novel François Seurel finds Yvonne de Galais; more than that he finds Meaulnes and brings the two together. On the wedding night of Yvonne de Galais and Meaulnes, there is a hooting call from the nearby woods—it is Franz de Galais calling for Meaulnes to help him find his own lost love, the girl who found Paradise too much for her and would not marry him. Franz de Galais is hardly defined, a mysterious and romantic character; he too is in search of the happiness that always eludes him. Yvonne de Galais dies soon after giving birth to a child, her body being carried downstairs by the faithful François because there is not sufficient room for a coffin. And at the very end Meaulnes returns to find his wife dead but his baby daughter awaiting him; he has united Franz de Galais and his former bride-to-be. And François as narrator tells us he can imagine one night, Meaulnes taking his baby daughter beneath his coat and departing with her in search of new adventures. . . . Is François mistaken here, we wonder? For is Meaulnes in search of new adventures or is he still engaged on the old adventure, the one that has always pre-occupied him, the search for Paradise? It must surely be the latter. Like Gerard de Nerval he is in pursuit of that other, happier life to which Yvonne de Galais was a clue . . .

"Perchance I saw her in long time gone by,

In that remembered other life I had."

Alain-Fournier wrote, "I want to express the mystery of the unknown world that I desire . . . I want to make this personal world of mine live, the mysterious world of my desire, the new and faraway country of my heart . . . a life recalled with my past life, a countryside that the actual countryside makes me desire." And he succeeded in making that vision live in "*Le Grand Meaulnes*," a novel which is all personal expression, in which there are no uncontrolled characters and the "people are only the flux and reflux of life and its encounters." Yvonne de Galais seemed to give him the key to the past and, as Mr. Liddell says, "in her loss he can express that sense of loss that is inseparable from recollections of early childhood, that may have something to do with our original nostalgia for Eden, and may not be quite unconnected with our hopes of Heaven."

"Hopes of Heaven"—there lies our clue to appreciation of novelists so diverse as Alain-Fournier, Forrest Reid and Marcel Proust; and, if we had more understanding, to a good deal of puzzling conduct in contemporary humanity. It will certainly be tragic if we allow ourselves to be convinced by the school of gloom that the souls of men (particularly those of the Catholic Faith) are playing a losing game with their fear of hell—and that hopes of heaven nowhere enter into the picture. And, forgetting

the theological aspect, let's remember that hell has inspired few works of permanent literary value; none, at any rate, to be compared with those inspired by our intimations of immortality and that immortal nostalgia expressed by Henry Vaughan:

"O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient track!  
That I might once more reach that plain  
Where first I left my glorious train;  
From whence th' enlightened Spirit sees  
That shady City of Palm-trees."

ALAN BIRD.

### THE ATTRACTIONS OF MALTA

**T**O use a currently quoted phrase, had there been enough 'build-up', Malta would have, as a result of the world wide fame it won during the war by its magnificent stand against the Nazi air onslaughts, become the most known place in the Mediterranean. As it is, the initiative and golden opportunity were allowed to pass out of the hands of the islanders and Malta's potentialities as an important tourist centre have to be spread abroad anew. It is felt, that if to-day Malta is not being given the publicity it so richly deserves, in the past the island was most certainly much in demand. History records that the first inhabitants of the island were the Phoenicians. Subsequently and successively the island then passed into the hands of the Romans, Carthaginians, Arabs, Sicilians, the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the French until it was finally handed over by the Maltese themselves to the British in 1800. The presence in Malta of various archaeological and historical monuments point, on the other hand, to even earlier civilization. In fact, in the South East and South West parts of the island, remains dating back to 3,000 and 4,000 B.C. at Ghar Dalam, Tarxien and Hal Saflieni are adequate proof of the island's importance since the very dawn of civilization. Apart from the various effects which the repeated conquests by foreign powers had over the island, one cannot but record that the rich historical legacies which have been left behind by the several occupying powers compensate for the countless hardships which our forefathers had perforce to suffer. As a matter of fact, Malta to-day owes the greater part of its travel and tourist attractions to the vivid images of the past and relics of yesterday.

Those who travel to Malta by sea are easily captivated by the inspiring spectacle which the magnificent Grand Harbour presents to the tourist. The Harbour, over 2 miles in length, is indented by several creeks which make it most suitable for the sheltering of ships. In one of these creeks lies Dockyard Creek, Malta's No. 1 centre of employment. Here something like about 17,000 daily workers are busy in Admiralty employment. Towering over the harbour from heights well over 400 feet are a series of walls and battlements which were constructed by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in order to stave off Turkish designs on the island. Throughout the length and breadth of this harbour may be seen



all types of units of the British Mediterranean Fleet lying side by side; from aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and frigates to landing barges, auxiliary merchantmen and submarines. In the midst of this spectacle, which is a common sight practically every day, one sees also the picturesque-like *dghajsa*, Malta's version of the gondolas, plying here and there. Valletta, the capital which lies on a promontory flanked on each side by the Grand and Marsamxett Harbours, holds such a dominating position in the island that one cannot fail to notice its architectural layout, with its criss cross perpendicular streets, and its numerous domes of churches and high edifices. The city, built by the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, teems with wonderful examples of Baroque-style buildings, notably the Auberges or Hostels, many of which were completely destroyed by bombing in 1941-42. No doubt the most important building and choice No. 1 for all tourists is the 16th century Cathedral of St. John. With its famous paintings, some by Caravaggio and Mattia Preti, numerous sculptures, priceless Flemish tapestries, wonderful monuments and costly silverwork, the Cathedral is considered to be one of the finest specimens of its kind.

Other places of equal interest in the capital, are the Governor's Palace, containing the Armoury and Tapestry Chambers—the latter housing the Legislative Assembly, The Auberge de Castille, now used as the Army G.H.Q., the Gardens of Upper and Lower Barracca, the General Market and the Palace Square where the Changing of the Guard takes place daily, all of which catch one's particular attention. Valletta is the epicentre of the most built-up area of the island and it is the usual custom for visitors to move into the outlying country, after visiting the capital. The first place of call is at San Anton Gardens, set around the winter residence of the Governor. Beyond these gardens and indeed, only a few miles away, lies Notabile the ancient capital. Built in 700 B.C. the city has long been famous for its successful defence on repeated occasions against the Infidel. The Old Capital has in its midst some of the finest old buildings in the island, the most notable being the 17th century cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, which like St. John's in Valletta also contains many famous treasures and paintings. At Rabat, an adjacent suburb, one can visit the Catacombs, which are similar to those which we find in nearby Sicily. Whilst further away lies Mosta village, which contains the famous Mosta Church which is said to contain the third largest dome in the world.

Lovers of archaeological and historic remains will find a visit to Ghar Dalam (The Cave of Darkness) much to their delight as there they will be able to witness typical conditions current during various stages of the Pleistocene Age. This Cave was the subject of detailed study by Sir Arthur Keith the eminent anthropologist in his quest for the Neanderthal man. Besides, one can visit the megalithic ruins at Hagiar Kim (similar to Stonehenge) or else the Neolithic Temples at Hal Tarxien and Hal Saflieni. The tourist with more modern tastes will find the call of the sea much to his liking. Sandy beaches, pretty inlets, picturesque fishing centres can all be found dotted around the coastline. The bays of Ghajn Tuffieha, Mellieha and Armier offer ideal swimming and sunbathing on sandy beaches, whilst for deep sea bathing and snorkel fishing en-

thusiasts the lovely St. Paul's and St. Thomas Bays are the apple of their delight. And the visitor who likes to mingle his swimming with beautiful surroundings should however opt for Capri-like Zurrieq or Anchor and Marsaxlokk Bays. Hikers and motorists will also enjoy the cliffs of Bingemma and Dingli and the modern coastal road on the northern side of the island. Four miles from Valletta lies the popular resort of Sliema, the Mecca of the islanders during summer. Here one can walk along its fine promenade flanked by the water front which leads to the pretty St. Julian's bay. This bay is a favourite swimming spot for aquatic and water polo players.

In its annual calender of events Malta has many attractive features to offer to tourists. Perhaps the most popular of the lot is Carnival time, celebrated here in typical Riviera style. Then as a contrast there are the moving Good Friday processions during which are seen many fine statues depicting the Passion of Our Lord. In summertime there is the National Feast Regatta held in the Grand Harbour, whilst in winter pride of place for sportsmen are the Xmas Football Tourneys, in which crack foreign teams take part. Most interesting too are the various flower, fur and feather shows and Trade Fairs which are all held at San Anton Gardens. Another attraction for the traveller is the wide range of interesting articles for sale in the many shops and bazaars. In these shops one can walk in and buy the latest type of motor car, British or Continental, the finest type of stockings all nylon, any kind of confectionery, and plenty of lengths of material for women's and men's wear. Memento lovers can choose fine Malta-made lace, pipes, filigree, material, pottery, scarves and leather goods bearing local inscriptions.

Now for a word about the island's accessibility from the outside world and its hotel service. Malta lies some 60 miles from Sicily, while Tripoli and Tunis are only 300 and 180 miles away respectively. It may be reached almost daily from the Sicilian mainland by locally owned steamers or Italian boats. Besides several well-known British shipping lines connect the island with Britain and the Commonwealth. The island is also provided with excellent air services. The Malta Air Lines operate a daily service to Britain via Rome and Nice in conjunction with B.E.A., whilst the Alitalia Italian Airways run a frequent Rome-Malta-Tripoli and vice-versa service. Concurrently with these lines the island is also connected with African air companies which use Malta generally for night stops. Besides the ordinary scheduled flights, chartered planes may also be booked. Luqa Airport, jointly used by the R.A.F. and Civil Authorities, is the island's air terminal.

In comparison with Malta's size, the island has a very good hotel service capable of catering for the rich and the ordinary man in the street. Malta's premier hotel is undoubtedly the Phoenicia, which compares with the best on the Continent. There are also many other first class hotels situated in Valletta, Sliema and Notabile. Perhaps the best advertising factor for tourism is the setting up of a N.A.T.O. based under the command of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten. French, Italian Greek, Turkish and American personnel are now serving in Malta as part of the N.A.T.O. command, and quite naturally these service people are spreading the knowledge of the island to their own native land. Also,

there are two separate wings, one American and the other Australian, based in Malta for operational duties. These foreign air wings have brought with them their wives and families. Malta has been the centre for international conferences, namely the Congress of International Catholic Films and a Conference held by the World Assembly of Youths. In both these conferences members and delegates of several nationalities came here and once again much good has been done in advertising the island. Other important factors which have to be considered as advantageous to tourists and travellers alike are the absence of exchange difficulties, Malta being in the Sterling area and the local pound is equivalent to the English. Though Maltese is commonly spoken, English is almost universally known and spoken. Given the right publicity abroad and proper organization, the island may well take its place amongst the foremost centres of tourism in the Mediterranean.

*Malta.*

A. J. LEAVER.

## THE CHALLENGE OF UNDEVELOPED LANDS

AMERICA, in the last analysis, is merely the completion of the circle—the safety valve without which the Eastern hemisphere would have succumbed to its own proliferation. The Northern half of the Continent has played its full part in the process of relief; the South has not. There is urgent need both from the point of view of alleviating hunger and over-population and the future prosperity of Latin America itself to remedy this failure. From the Guiana Highlands of Venezuela to the Sertões of the Paraná there is a challenge to a world needlessly suffering from insufficient food because it has lost the will and the impetus to pioneer and bring these thousands of square miles of untouched fertility to its service. A balanced world-economy and the conquest of hunger can best be achieved by the rapid and full development of those areas that are climatically and agriculturally the most favourable. Certain factors made the American continent a peculiarly happy overflow for the "old" world—the absence of large deserts, the smallness of the indigenous population, and the suitability of almost the entire region for European settlement. Large tracts of South America constitute the most fertile and temperate undeveloped zones in the modern world and have the additional advantage of complete freedom from any racial problem. Only lack of enterprise and stability and the inability progressively to create wealth, as has been done in the United States, account for this failure to exploit and colonise.

The nomadic Bandeirantes who pushed into the untrod fastnesses of Brazil's interior were not seeking settlement and production, but plunder; and during the last and present centuries there has been no deliberate and far-sighted policy of opening the door to all desirable immigrants. The lesson of the United States has never been learned—that to build a great nation and exploit natural resources there must be a period when everyone who is disposed towards and capable of pioneering should be encouraged to come in. The result has been that, instead of a steady influx of colonisers of the most vigorous European stock and consistent pene-

tration, as in North America, a racial type of mixed blood and tied to a way of life, low culturally and economically, rather than to industry and civilisation, has developed. The scale of true colonisation by Central and Northern Europeans has been too small and too much in the form of isolated pockets. There are, however, signs of a slow but sure awakening, a realisation among Latin-Americans of their own weaknesses. There is a growth of intellectual honesty, an admission that there has been much failure in the evasion of the challenge of their own inheritance and their responsibility to the world that this involves. Today Latin-Americans of considerable stature are playing an increasingly important part in international affairs. Their influence for moderation, when several of the Republics act jointly in the Councils of the Nations, is considerable. Some strive to make their countries conscious of their destinies as the trustees of a treasure more precious than any left on this earth—virgin soil and unsettled space. And although the ethnological type predominantly evolved in Latin America has tended to arrest her development, it presents an example to which too little heed is paid—the solution of mankind's thorniest problem by breeding out racial differences.

Whether racial groups remain unmixed or not, the most significant fact is that people of every race have gone to make the cosmopolitania that is South and Central America, and that they live in harmony—there may be revolutions but never outbreaks of racial hatred. The republics, especially Brazil, are, therefore, blessed with an atmosphere in which the land-hungry and those of all trades and callings frustrated of an outlet for enterprise could best find the chance of happiness. Because the greater part of their land space is still unsettled, and because of the need to rectify the weaknesses inherent in a predominantly mestizo population, these countries could benefit themselves and the world in every way by offering such men and women the golden opportunity.

That this vast region did not develop on lines similar to those of North America is due to the Spanish Colonial system and the latifundia which have stifled industrial and agricultural expansion. The absence of a middle class with any bent for business and manufacture, and the concentration of great estates in the hands of a few "caudillo" families, led to a monoculture which has proved disastrous to the Republic's economies and social evolution. It meant also that there was little to attract the independent husbandman or artisan from Central Europe. Immigrants came mainly from the feudal peasantry of the Mediterranean countries and Portugal. Interbreeding with the African and the indigenous Indian, they created the cheap labour force of the peon class, and their employment and economic and social position remained unchanged from what it had been in Europe. This situation can only be remedied by European immigration sponsored by an organisation capable of providing the means of creating new centres of civilisation and industry.

In view of the needs of the world as a whole and its own productive potential in particular the present position throughout Central and South America is appalling. In an area of 8,500,000 square miles (two and a half times the size of Europe and 16 per cent. of the world's habitable surface) only 5 per cent. or 1.5 acres per person, is in cultivation. There is in this climatically favourable and fertile continent only 6 per cent. of

the world's population and, in the midst of almost limitless possibilities, the great majority is undernourished and living on a level which in Europe would be considered pauperism. The combined national income of all Latin America totals only 15 billion dollars compared with the United State's 150 billion. It has been estimated that the average annual income per head is 100 dollars, or a tenth of the North American average. If the Republics are to break with the handicaps of past history and to progress beyond being mere fringes of civilisation on the edge of the jungle, these facts alone present a tremendous challenge to all who are capable of understanding their implications. They must also, surely, impress even "the common man" with a sense of his own failure to make good use of his opportunities and the liberal provision of Nature.

We know the whole of our world; there is no more plundering of cultures decadent with their own opulence, no more spice isles to enrich without effort, no horizon beyond which lies the fabulous El Dorado. It is time to use aright and develop all that has been steadily given to us during centuries of discovery and expansion. Two countries stand out above all others as crying out for development and offer the possibility of an enormous contribution to the relief of over-population and world food shortage—Brazil and Paraguay. The smaller Republic has a population of under one and a half million in an area of 157,000 square miles (considerably larger than the British Isles), and of the 41 million hectares only just over one and a half million are cultivated. The greater part of the country is virgin forest and savannah, and, whereas there is an abundantly fertile soil, agriculture is of the most primitive and poverty severe. In a potential paradise, disease, malnutrition, illiteracy are rife and knowledge of the elements of modern husbandry and the hope of social and economic advancement completely lacking.

The same is true of the greater part of Brazil. In an area fifteen times that of France only two per cent. is cultivated and of this only one half produces food. Brazil's ills originate in the concentration of great estates in the hands of a small minority (the number of individual properties is less than half that of France). These latifundia have led to the manifold evils of monoculture—a propertyless and permanently stultified strata of peonry; concentration on coffee and cotton instead of meat, cereals and vegetable crops; extreme vulnerability to economic slumps; land wastage, and above all the denial in enormous regions of settlement by progressive, good quality colonisers who would develop social entities and carry on traditional food-producing agriculture. The immigration and evolution of this type of reasonably educated and properly nourished settler is essential throughout Latin America.

Difficulties of communication are a major obstacle to colonisation in both countries, as they are throughout the entire region. But no difficulties are insuperable. It is as though the educated Brazilian is overcome by the immensity of his own territory and prefers to remain in the coastal fringe rather than to undertake the task of conquering the vast hinterland. There have been no pioneering migrations such as took place in the United States during the last century. Settlement, such as it is, has been isolated and small scale. In the Southern states which are climatically most favourable for European colonisation, one will find

German, Polish and Italian Colonies in the far Interior between the São Paulo—Rio Grande Railway and the river Paraná. But these courageous peasants and artisans have not been provided with the means, in the shape of capital, machinery and, most vital of all, communications, to enable them to prosper and make a substantial contribution to the Brazilian economy and an important increase in the development of civilisation. Their equipment is primitive, and their cultivation, of necessity, confined to the few acres of dense matto that they can clear with the machete, and, having burnt what timber they cannot use themselves, are able to till with the ox, mule and mattock. In many cases their only line of communication with the outside world lies along hundreds of miles of forest track, across rocky sierras and unbridged torrents; the only means of transport is the ox wagon, and even these may have to be dismantled and hauled across the rivers piece meal. The settlements are, therefore, forced to be self-contained and to resign themselves to the fact that no progress from a condition of extreme conservatism is foreseeable.

Between the two wars an excellent type of peasant went from Central Europe and Italy in small numbers, and many more would follow to take part in the properly planned and financed campaign of development and settlement so urgently needed. The world cannot afford these thousands of square miles of untouched fertility, smothered in lianas and bamboo. Past generations, less generously equipped by science and knowledge, have met the challenge of the need for migration and the ploughing and sowing of the wilderness. There are always objections to any genuine and practical attempt to meet the real dangers in which mankind stands; there are also always vast obstacles and difficulties to overcome. One specious argument against migration from Europe is that it would rob the Western powers of conscripts and potential cannon-fodder. Nothing is more likely to produce a war than the crises which will face these Powers if they do not put their house in order and plan as one family, without strict insistence on the narrow interpretation of sovereignty. These vast regions present a challenge both to the Latin-American and to the European. The one has untapped resources without the exploitation of which mankind cannot prosper—probably not survive. The other has the need, the sinews, the technical knowledge and both the spiritual and physical capital to carry out the exploitation. The task is to the interest and calls for the co-operation of every man.

J. L. ALEXANDER.

## MACAULAY AND LADY HOLLAND

**O**N February the 5th, 1832, there was a splendid dinner-party in the great gilt room at Holland House. Charles Greville described the occasion next day in his Journal. "Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbour, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or



medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbour observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Caesar Scaliger as an example of late education, saying that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbour remarked 'that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage.' This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampelona. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbour, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic."

The description here given of Macaulay's appearance was a little too unflattering. He was certainly neither tall nor handsome, nor was he elegant in his attire; but his countenance must have pleased anyone with perception to value the play of changing expression and—in spite of Greville—the light of intellect in his eyes. There can be no doubt at all that his hostess found him most attractive. He first met Lady Holland in 1831 at a party at Lansdowne House. Invitations of that kind were

no longer unusual for the rising young Parliamentarian, whose speech in favour of the Reform Bill had caused a sensation the previous year.

Thomas Babington Macaulay had not always been either a radical, or a social lion. The reforming fervour which he had inherited from his Tory father had been kindled into an ardent Liberalism during his Cambridge years. Zachary, the elder Macaulay, had gone to Jamaica in his youth as a book-keeper, and had given up his career in early manhood, in order to throw himself into the campaign to abolish slavery. Thomas, the younger, born at the beginning of the new century, had been accustomed from childhood to the company of such men as Wilberforce, and his first public speech was actually made at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. His home life was full of domestic happiness and the intelligent companionship of devoted brothers and sisters, but it was by no means fashionable. He had an adequate but not large income derived from a Trinity Fellowship, and from the *Edinburgh Review* to which he was a regular contributor. He was also fortunate in being made a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, because posts of that kind did not usually go to Whig young men, especially if they came of a Tory family. His essays had attracted attention, and in 1830 he was invited by Lord Lansdowne to stand for Parliament. Lady Holland wrote of this event: "Lord Lansdowne brings in young Macaulay for Calne. It is an experiment as he is only known as a clever writer in *E. Review*. I never saw him, and hear he is not pleasant nor good to look at. His father is the great Saint, Zachariah, and the bitterest foe to all W. India concerns."

His maiden speech was an impassioned plea for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities. One of his invitations at that time was to a fancy-dress ball in a wealthy Jewish house, where the most sumptuous costumes were worn by Israelites and Gentiles alike. By now Macaulay's social success had begun and he had already met Lady Holland. He described the occasion in a letter to his sister. "London: May 27, 1831 . . . I was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us: 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sate a large bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person, and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday. I accepted the dinner, but declined the bed, and I have since repented that I so declined it. But I probably shall have an opportunity of retracting on Tuesday."

A few days later Macaulay dined at Holland House. There were not many other guests, and Lord Holland did not come in until after dinner on account of his gout. In the drawing-room Lady Holland engaged the young man in a long conversation; she talked about the antiquities of the house, and also about the purity of the English language, a matter on which she evidently considered herself to be an authority. Macaulay found that she had never heard of a certain parable in the New Testament which he quoted, and he was tempted to tell her that anyone who professed a knowledge of the English language ought most certainly to know the Bible. However, he refrained, and contented himself with giving his impression of her in a letter to his sister. "London: May 30, 1831 . . .

She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this', and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay.' 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it.' 'Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Buonaparte.' Lord Holland is, on the other hand, all kindness, simplicity, and vivacity. He talked very well both on politics and on literature. He asked me in a very friendly manner about my father's health, and begged to be remembered to him. When my coach came, Lady Holland made me promise that I would on the first fine morning walk out to breakfast with them, and see the grounds—and, after drinking a glass of very good iced lemonade, I took my leave, much amused and pleased. The house certainly deserves its reputation for pleasantness, and her ladyship used me, I believe, as well as it is her way to use anybody."

Two days afterwards he duly went to breakfast with his new friends. The master of the house, who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, showed him the apartments, the guest walking beside his wheel-chair. They looked at the paintings, and in front of a portrait of Lady Holland in her youth Macaulay was struck by the sad change in her looks. In the dining-room the hostess and two other guests awaited them, and over an excellent breakfast, including hot rolls and butter which had been kept on ice, Lady Holland amused them with an account of her dreams. Afterwards she took Macaulay into her own drawing-room, and then for a walk through the grounds. He found her domineering, in spite of all her graciousness towards him, and the attraction was clearly not on his side. The following week, at a party in Downing Street, Lady Holland went out of her way to congratulate the young man on his recent speech in Parliament, and to insist that he should come and stay at Holland House. He soon became a regular visitor, much petted and occasionally snubbed by his hostess. If he was too long-winded she showed that she was bored, just as readily as she would have done with a less favoured guest. On one occasion, when he had been holding forth on an early Father of the Church, she interrupted him brusquely: "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll*? When were dolls first mentioned in history?" He was equal to the occasion, and calmly proceeded to tell her about Roman children and their dolls. Her continuous and growing interest in Macaulay cannot be accounted for entirely by the reputation of her new protégé. She could fill her salon with established celebrities, and, however brilliant she found him, she could not at that time have been sufficiently assured of his future career to pursue him merely as a speculation.

The young man was thirty, she was twice his age. He admired pretty women and felt a tender affection for his sisters, but he was not deeply roused by the other sex, his energies flowing more in cerebral than in erotic channels. Moreover, he saw through the moods and caprices of his hostess, and although no doubt she amused him, he much preferred her husband. It was a different matter with Lady Holland. She was a cold woman, unlikely to allow herself to be swept off her social pedestal

by passion, yet it is more than probable that she actually felt for him an emotion for which there is no other name than love. Personal beauty in either sex is neither the only nor even perhaps the first cause of mutual attraction. If a woman's magnetism can best be defined by the one word charm, the magnetic quality in a man lies in his sense of power. It can be shown in many different ways, in physical strength, in political eminence, in the ability to gain financial control over one's fellow-men, or in the intellectual force which emanates from such a man as Macaulay. It is not surprising therefore if Lady Holland was deeply stirred by this short man with the massive head, eloquent tongue and formidable erudition.

He owed his vast knowledge in part to an exceptional memory and to unusual powers of assimilation. He is said to have begun to read incessantly from the age of three; when he was six years old, Hannah More, who was a friend of the family, sent him money so that he might buy a few books as "a little tiny cornerstone for your future library." And when death came at last, it found him seated upright in his library, with an open book on the table by his side. He wrote a compendium of universal history, starting at the creation, on a quire of paper, at the age of six or seven, and at the same time began a long poem modelled on the work of Walter Scott. All his life he devoured books, which he seemed to absorb into himself almost without reading. In his youth he did not so much learn by heart as effortlessly remember what he had read, and at one time he could have recited the whole of *Paradise Lost*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and no doubt much else besides. When he was nearly sixty he walked up and down learning the entire fourth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, and made himself word-perfect in two hours. He memorised his Parliamentary speeches, so that he never had to use notes, and although he did not gesticulate he was thus able to speak with great rapidity and with all his usual vehemence. He had both eloquence and wit, and poured out doggerel as readily as serious prose or verse. His letters to his sisters frequently contained lines like the following, written in the Smoking-Room of the House of Commons, in July 1832:

The room—but I think I'll describe it in rhyme,  
That smells of tobacco and chloride of lime.

The smell of tobacco was always the same:

But the chloride was brought since the cholera came.

If he could be humorous, he could also be sufficiently stern. It happened on one occasion that Lady Holland arrived at a party in a very bad temper and was rude to her fellow-guests. Some of them retorted with impertinence of their own, in words or looks, but Macaulay preferred to treat her with icy politeness, and wrote afterwards: "Her ladyship has been the better for this discipline. She has overwhelmed me ever since with attentions and invitations. I have at last found out the cause of her ill-humour, or at least of that portion of it of which I was the object. She is in a rage at my article on Walpole, but at what part of it I cannot tell. . . . my review was surely not calculated to injure the sale of the book. Lord Holland told me, in an aside, that he quite agreed with me, but that we had better not discuss the subject. A note; and, by my life, from my Lady Holland: 'Dear Mr. Macaulay, pray wrap yourself very warm, and come to us on Wednesday.' No, my good lady. I am engaged

on Wednesday to dine at the Albion Tavern with the Directors of the East India Company."

The invitation had been given by the Company because, under the new India Bill, Macaulay was about to be made a member of the Supreme Council governing the Eastern Empire. When Lady Holland heard of this appointment a few weeks later she was frantic, like a woman about to be deserted by her lover, and she made no attempt to hide her feelings. He described her behaviour in a letter to his sister Hannah. "London: January 2, 1834. . . . I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. If she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago, she would have turned my head. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried; raved; called me dear, dear Macaulay. 'You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you; last Session about the slaves; and now sending you to India!' I always do my best to keep my temper with Lady Holland for three reasons: because she is a woman; because she is very unhappy in her health, and in the circumstances of her position; and because she has a real kindness for me. But at last she said something about you. This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again: 'I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times. I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again:' and she cried, and I cooled: for it would have been to very little purpose to be angry with her. I hear that it is not to me alone that she runs on in this way. She storms at the Ministers for letting me go. I was told that at one dinner she became so violent that even Lord Holland, whose temper, whatever his wife may say, is much cooler than mine, could not command himself, and broke out: 'Don't talk such nonsense, my Lady. What, the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence in order that he may come and talk to you in an evening?'"

No doubt Lady Holland's malice against Hannah was due to jealousy, for Macaulay had asked his sister to accompany him overseas. They sailed in the spring of 1834, and after a three months' voyage arrived in India, where they remained for four years. During that time Hannah met and married a Mr. Trevelyan, a Civil Servant; fifty years later their son was to publish his uncle's biography. While he was in India Macaulay initiated great educational reforms, and drew up a criminal code which he did not live to see made law. He came home in 1838, was re-elected to Parliament for an Edinburgh seat the following year, and became Secretary for War under the new Whig Government. He paid a visit to Holland House immediately after his return, and was soon breakfasting there again, if not quite as frequently as in the old days. Although he declared that "all my tastes and wishes lead me to prefer literature to politics," he was soon deeply absorbed by both, and Lady Holland must inevitably have seen him less often. But the memory of their former friendship still remained to influence him. In 1841, after her husband's death, he wrote in a letter, "Lady Holland is so earnest

with me to review her husband's 'Protests in the House of Lords' that I hardly know what to do. I cannot refuse her." He did not like writing about anyone recently living without a most intimate knowledge, and declared that "nothing but Lady Holland's request would have overcome my unwillingness to say anything about his Parliamentary speaking, which I had never heard."

Lady Holland, widowed and lonely, was no longer an important figure on the stage of the great world; after her husband's death she had perforce to withdraw gradually into the wings, before retiring behind the scenes for ever. Macaulay, on the other hand, was now fully in the limelight. His great History, begun after his return from India, was soon about to be published and a peerage lay ahead. Fortune was showering him with success from her cornucopia, even as she drew aside her robes from the clutch of Lady Holland; yet there had been a time when the latter had had her own gifts to bestow upon a young man at the beginning of his career. Macaulay had seen through the follies of his hostess, and had mocked them in some of his letters; he had liked her less well than her husband, and no doubt he had accepted her hospitality, as many others had done, not for her own sake, but because he had found it both useful and agreeable. If it had been useful, that was because she had had the skill to gather in her salon many people with whom contact was of value for a rising politician; and if it had been agreeable, that was because she possessed the art of entertaining. If he owed something to Lady Holland, can it be said that she, too, owed something to him? He aroused in her a late flowering of senses and heart, and however ridiculous such feelings may seem in an ageing and worldly woman, it is nonetheless true that love, even if no more than a passing infatuation, may still, like sweet spring water, bring refreshment to the most arid soil.

DAISY L. HOBMAN.

## NEW YORK AND UNO

**A**S if the United Nations did not have enough to trouble it, the argument is now heard that it should never have gone to New York in the first place. But can it do better elsewhere? The issue raised is not only the thorny one of Communism among some Americans employed by the world body. It is also felt that the United States, as leader of the West, should not be the Power which plays host to a universal organization whose task is to rise above East-West differences. But to this there is a very simple retort: the League of Nations had a neutral country, Switzerland, as its base and that did not save it from its fate. As a site for the headquarters of the United Nations, New York offers advantages which are international, national and local in character. Local ones must, in any scale of priority, rank third. Yet these, too, are important for the world organization for the country from which it operates. For New York itself they may signify that the town has grown up at last. It was no blunder to bring the United Nations to the United States. Members wanted to start afresh; Geneva would have to serve as



a branch establishment rather than the home office. Nor was it only that the United States, after the havoc of two European wars, could best take the initiative. Willy-nilly she had become the chief pillar of peace and freedom. Commonsense suggested that, when the United States pitched its tent across the Atlantic, the interest in it of the American people would more easily be kept alive. And once it had been agreed that the headquarters of the United Nations should be erected somewhere within the borders of the United States, the question was whether the American centre in which it settled down should be a large one or a small. Manhattan won out. A lot is said about the effect on the United Nations of being situated within the United States. Little is said about the effect of the United Nations on New York itself.

From Peter Stuyvesant to Dag Hammarskjöld may be a span of three centuries, but it has taken that length of time for New York to come of age. Nationally it has long been the largest, wealthiest and most cosmopolitan of American cities; until the headquarters of the United Nations were built there, it discharged no specific international role. Alone among great cities of the West, it lacked a status in politics which matched its primacy in other fields. Never had it been the abode of big decisions in global affairs; the focus of the Republic is Washington, not New York. In Rome the Church had carried on where the Empire left off; as world centres London and Paris have benefited because they were national capitals. As a world capital New York, too, might cease to be peripheral in its function, might fulfil itself politically. And here the case for Manhattan rather than a small American centre was strengthened by the experience of various countries which have had new seats of government to select. Washington, Ottawa, Canberra, New Delhi, for example, were picked, not because they could cite history to support their claims, but because they could not. Jealousies between those already on the map prompted the choice of cities which had scarcely achieved that cartographic distinction. Yet such compromise capitals never seem to strike root in the nation's economy. In Britain and France the political capital is the business and intellectual capital also; London and Paris are thus crucibles for an intermingling, a mutual enrichment of the national being. Through Washington and Ottawa, by contrast, the normal channels of the nation's life do not flow; whatever reaches them has to be rerouted artificially. That, too, is why officialdom there may tend, more than it wishes, to be drawn within itself and away from the populace as a whole; why, in the absence of centres like Paris and London, where public and private careers may be combined, many who are suited for national politics cannot afford to embrace them. Unrefreshed by cross-currents of thought and enterprise which meet and mix so spontaneously in the great capitals of the West, Washington and Ottawa exhibit limitations which the United Nations, when it selected its headquarters city, did well to avoid. For an international capital should, no less than a national one, be at the heart of things.

Geneva, in that regard, fell short. Even geographically, while the Swiss city is not distant from European capitals, it is sufficiently remote to be off the beaten track. Social life can be more intimate in a provincial than a metropolitan centre; through a haze of sentimentality over a

vanished past, those who watched the League of Nations may lament the passage from Lake Leman to the East River as a change for the worse. Yet the café life of Geneva, where one could run across a Henderson, a Litvinoff or a Benes eating a meal or sipping a drink, was the token not only of a more leisured existence but of a world organization which had comparatively less to do. Nor did the Swiss, burgher and patrician alike, welcome it with open arms. Secretariat officials, confined socially to one small international set, escaped from the boredom of Geneva by missions on League business elsewhere. Otherwise, between sessions of the old Assembly and special conferences, they pined for London and Paris—and made no bones about it. From the placidities of Geneva to the stimuli of New York the swing of the pendulum has been drastic. But if the United Nations is thus brought into constant touch with the great world, it also brings the great world to the American metropolis. There is reciprocity here. In every non-political aspect of national affairs New York has long been the national capital. And it is this fact precisely which qualifies it, in the crowning sphere of international relations, for pre-eminence as a world capital. Nor would any begrudge Albany the honour of being capital of the state; for New York City itself the road has, as it were, been reserved for a higher destiny. The presence of the United Nations supplies it, as compared with London and Paris, with a missing dimension. But as a political capital New York also enjoys a wider prospect—that of becoming, in a less sundered and more integrated world, a capital of capitals.

Do New Yorkers themselves realize that their city has just crossed the threshold of civic maturity? London and Paris did not ripen into great capitals overnight. Centuries were required for government, commerce, scholarship, science, the arts to be woven together into a single pattern of urban culture—each complex and each unique. New York, which is not young, may have seemed so because it was municipally incomplete: now it must learn in every respect to act its age. Washington remains, of course, the pivot of national politics; for diplomacy it is no longer the sole clearing-house on American soil. But this new rank entails municipal duties with international implications—from receiving hospitably a Secretariat of every race and hue to the entertainment of foreign statesmen who sojourn in the American metropolis. Certainly Paris during the General Assemblies of 1948 and 1951 again demonstrated an elegance, a style, for which, as the most brilliant of capitals, it has long been renowned. The challenge to New York, unspoken and yet eloquent, was manifest.

How hard will the American metropolis try, on its own behalf and on behalf of the country, to put its best foot forward? The atmosphere of New York may not impinge directly upon the actual proceedings of the United Nations. The international community will, however, be affected by an environment which it itself affects. For its Manhattan semi-enclave questions of administrative autonomy arise—the employment of American Communists as probed by a Grand Jury and a sub-committee of the Senate; the denial of visas to foreign visitors deemed undesirable by the United States who have dealings on the spot with the world organization. But issues of that kind are subject to arrangement between the Secretary-General and the American Government in Washington. Local authorities

enter the picture when they provide facilities for the headquarters area. Property values in the district have, moreover, been stepped up, and this must compensate for any increase in the amount of Manhattan property which Delegations may purchase and thus render tax-exempt; there have even been complaints about the abuse of parking privileges by cars whose owners possess diplomatic immunity. Such, at any rate, is the range of United Nations problems by which New York's civic administrators have been confronted. Other, unofficial contacts will be innumerable and incessant. One vehicle for these, in accordance with diplomatic tradition, may be Society. Yet the New York era in international affairs begins when diplomacy itself has been shedding its conventional snobbishness. The trend towards informality might, moreover, be accelerated by another circumstance. While envoys are accredited, in postwar New York as in pre-war Geneva, to a world body, that is not the same as representation at the seat of one particular sovereign government; social life in United Nations circles does not revolve around a single fixed point. Then, too, in London and Paris, there were such unofficial adjuncts to Embassies and Legations as the great houses, the leading hostesses. Will they have their counterparts in the American metropolis? For New York's plutocracy may have modelled itself on an older, aristocratic Society. In fact it has seldom had those ties with the political and creative for which some of its trans-Atlantic prototypes were noted.

In mid-century diplomacy neither wealth nor birth count as they once did. Not that the successful political hostess of London or Paris held herself to these narrow categories in any event. Her drawing-rooms outshone rival ones when under her roof the elder statesman, the rising politician, the senior civil servant, the Titan of finance rubbed shoulders and hob-nobbed with the author, the artist, the musician, the savant, the thinker. But on the American scene, as its best energies were scattered across a vast continent, men of action and men of contemplation could not thus foregather; and the more they were separated from each other in person, the more one-sided they became in themselves and in their pursuits. Henry James, bearing witness to this rift, fled to England, while Henry Adams dwelt morosely in a sort of exile at home. Washington's handicap has been that of a city which is a capital in politics alone; New York has suffered from being a capital in everything but politics. And now the advent of the United Nations to the American metropolis may round out her civic existence.

The social background of the United Nations will be determined, however, not only by what it finds in New York but by what is happening to diplomacy everywhere. Delegates from behind the Iron Curtain might not hanker for a Society run by the duchesses of the Faubourg St. Germain or the dowagers of Belgravia; yet in one representatives of other countries would be as ill at ease. The modern welfare State and the social democracies of the Occident rely in the conduct of international affairs, as in all sectors of public business, on experts of every social origin—and the newly liberated lands of the Orient are, no doubt, following suit. This does not mean that, despite the asperities now exchanged in debate, diplomacy must be uncivil or uncouth, that the amenities cannot be observed without upper-class polish. But other times, other manners.

And indeed a delegate sporting a monocle in his eye or a Secretariat official attired in a black jacket and striped trousers (that popular stereotype of Old World diplomacy, that workaday uniform of the London bank clerk) would appear as odd at New York headquarters as on the streets of Leningrad or Chicago.

As a town and gown relationship is worked out, there are phases of New York life by which, it is evident, the world organization will not only be pleased but displeased. Negotiable difficulties might vex the international community less than habits or faults over which there can be no intervention. Locally, for instance, will the citizens of New York, now that their city is a cynosure for the eyes of all mankind, even be *blasé* about that? International figures have, in their official capacities, seldom had occasion to stay there for long; an impressive company of them has, thanks to the United Nations, begun to reside in the American metropolis for many months at a stretch. And some may dislike having to do this. For if New Yorkers should be cavalier in their attitude, hurt vanities will fan regrets that the United Nations did not set up shop elsewhere. As a great city their metropolis has much to give it. Yet in that vortex of American power the danger will persist of the international community being taken for granted, swallowed up and lost from sight.

This may not occur when news from the world body can be sensationalised. The best things that it does call for another kind of treatment. Neglect of these by mass media—local and nation-wide—is resented in United Nations circles. Worse still is the way in which, when reported, the labours of the entire organization—or of offshoot like UNESCO—will be misrepresented. Items on its agenda are anyhow hardly calculated to sweeten tempers; matters are not improved when hostility to the institution as such is fomented on its own doorstep. Frayed nerves may be one of its occupational hazards. But the campaign against it exasperates all the more when this is waged by those professional anti-subversives who are themselves intent upon subverting that democratic process in international affairs which the United Nations sustains. Responsible segments of the American press constitute a salutary corrective. Few, however, can boast that they do all that might be done. The situation is clear. No other city is as fully equipped as New York with major instrumentalities, good as well as bad, for access to the American mind. And so that the United Nations might have a steady access to the American mind was one reason why it moved to New York at the outset. Mass media may either distort or obstruct. More of its purpose is accomplished by having the United Nations established in New York than if it had gone elsewhere.

*New York.*

LIONEL GELBER.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### THE ROOT CAUSE OF FAILURE

**T**HOSE whose business it has been over a long period to observe the vagaries, failures and recurrent hopes incidental to the operation of what we call high diplomacy have been struck by one essential truth which seems to stand out from the rest and goes some way towards

defining the central issue in the problem involved. It is this: that fear is the enemy of good performance, fear in the widest scope, all-embracing and formidable because instinctive and unreasoning. It is easy to detect the distant outline of the remedy, to know that faith is the answer to fear: the only answer. But the problem thereby presented to the spirit of man, presented in its most baffling form in the diplomatic relations between sovereign nations, though thus simply and readily recognised, is not so simply solved. Faith is an offered gift from God, fear is the devil's weapon for preventing its acceptance; but fear and the devil are permitted by an omnipotent God to do their work. If a man be obsessed by fear, if his nerves be in such a state that he is in fact unable to resist the inroad of fear, how then, short of miracle, can he resist it? If the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

In the context of international affairs it is not the artificial fear used by tyrants as an instrument of tyranny that is in issue, for such a fear, presented unequivocally as a challenge to the spirit of man, is dealt with as are all such challenges when clearly understood. "For those who are brought under by fear" wrote St Thomas Aquinas "will revolt all the more readily, once an opportunity offers itself of doing so unpunished, according as they have been coerced, by fear alone, against their wills"; and again, "from overmuch fear, many fall into desperation: and desperation drives men more boldly to new revolts." That sort of fear, though it involve suffering, involves no moral problem, because it is clearly recognised as an evil that must be resisted and is therefore automatically resisted. Whether the resistance be successful or not does not matter, so far as the morality of it is concerned. In this particular field there is an important difference between a thing that we call objective and a thing we call subjective. A fear imposed from without is objective and can be resisted. A fear arising from within and undefined is subjective and elusive of remedy. The fear that kills is the subjective, instinctive, vague, unreasoning fear of sovereign States, one of the other, in the anarchic circumstance where the lack of a supernational authority gives nothing of tangible security to hold on to.

In 1914, for instance, Germany was afraid of Britain, France and Russia as an encircling combination of Powers. The fact that the fear had no true basis and was in part the artificial result of Germany's own behaviour does not affect the argument. Britain, with equal ignorance, was afraid of Germany as a rival in the imperial and commercial field, thereby giving rein to an incidental delusion, as stupid as ignorant; for prosperity is in the nature of things indivisible in scope and mutual in effect. France feared Germany as a potentially cruel invader, the shades of 1870 being the potent inspiration of the fear. As in the jungle, so in human nature, when the grace of God is inoperative, a frightened animal is dangerous, and the fear helps to produce the result that is feared. After 1918 a disarmed Germany was afraid of an armed world that had promised (unavailingly) in the preamble to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles its turn to disarm. The promise was not carried out because the other Powers were themselves still afraid even of a disarmed Germany. It was those mutual fears that produced the second world war. The League of Nations Disarmament Commission that was in session for six months

in 1932, and which, if it had succeeded in exorcising the fear by excising the armaments, could probably have given peace in our time, was itself stultified by fear, and it thereby contrived, instead of preventing, to precipitate the second world war, the effect of the failure of that Commission in September 1932 being a main factor in the election of Hitler as German Chancellor three months later.

Britain and France—France more than Britain—were so afraid of Germany as a fighting potentiality that they were afraid to accept an equality with her even on an agreed basis of low military strength. Thereby, and precisely because they were afraid of Germany's potential army, navy and airforce, instead of taking the offered opportunity—offered by Germany herself—of reducing Germany's capacity for making war to a low level, they ensured that Germany would break loose from restraint and would, as she eventually did, devastate both France and Britain in a hell of aggression such as the imagination of man had not before deemed possible. Fear is as potent a destroyer of man's intelligence as dry rot is of the house that gives him shelter; with this difference, that whereas a man will deal objectively with dry rot at the source, he will not, because he cannot, deal with the subjective fear that destroys him in the international field. Cannot? The question brings us full circle to the original question: can faith be given the opportunity of defeating the fear? It can. The circle is mysterious, not necessarily vicious. It becomes vicious only if and when the free gift of redemptive faith is rejected.

The difference between physical nerves, which, when defective, can be cured only by the nerves themselves—a hell of a circle—and the fear that afflicts the spirit of man, is that the latter fear need not feed upon itself. By an act of the will men can become passive and allow the grace of God to fill them with the redemptive faith. That is why the Christian Church includes despair as one of the six sins against the Holy Ghost, it being a matter in the long run of choice. It should be, and to men of simplicity in heart in fact is, a matter for consolation that the more we fail in this test of good sense in the international field, the harder becomes the test and the more urgent the need of success. There is nothing that the spirit of man is not capable of achieving if he accept the means, freely offered, of achievement. There can be no compromise in the field of the spirit. Failure hardens the test. The hardening of the test can be traced to the necessity of forcing men to accept the means.

Having for half a century delayed the acceptance of those means, we find that the problem has been presented to us in a form that excludes the possibility of misunderstanding. The communism that offers the challenge in its latest form is atheist of ideology aforethought. Let the logic of so remarkable a circumstance be given its head. At the beginning of the century there was no formulated menace of atheist materialism. The fear prevalent in international relationships was materialist in its motive, and being given its head produced more materialism. The fully logical climax to the unfaithfulness of Christian nations who surrendered to fear was the emergence of an ideologically materialist menace in the form of communism. The clear upshot is the imposition upon the Christian nations of the duty of defending the Christian way of life which they themselves originally betrayed. It is in the Christian west,



where the fault was rooted, that the remedy must emerge. It can emerge only in the form of a recaptured Christianity as an operative motive of western policies.

Hence it is that the remedy will come from the people by means of an individual recapture of Christian faith. That is what President Truman clearly had in mind when in the year following the end of the second world war (in 1946) he said: "There is no problem on this earth tough enough to withstand the flame of a genuine renewal of religious faith. And some of the problems of today will yield to nothing less than that kind of revival." It is what Signor Gasperi had in mind in this present year (June 5th, 1953) when he said: "There is no greater justice than in the Christian brotherhood . . . we make no exclusive claim to democracy, but we do put Christianity first." It is what the prophet Isaiah who, more than two thousand years ago, when he foretold the coming of Christ and the institution of Christianity, made this reproach to the house of Jacob: "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments: thy peace had been as a river, and thy justice as the waves of the sea". The lesson of our time, as of all time, is that peace and justice do not flow from diplomatic contrivance, but from the faith of our Christian fathers. The root fault of the century's failure and distress is the loss of that faith. The only remedy lies in its recapture by individual men and women. Peace, if there is to be peace, can come only from God, as a river that flows.

#### PEACE AND THE KREMLIN.

It is in the context of so elementary a truth that is to be assessed the quality of the post-Stalin protestation of peaceful intent on the part of the Kremlin. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in its series "*International Conciliation* (April 1953, No. 490) has issued a volume devoted to an appraisal of such intent from that quarter. It is entitled "Soviet Peace Offensives"; the author is Aleksander W. Rudzinski, a former colleague of the Soviet representatives in the United Nations, being Legal Counsellor to the Polish delegation. The main interest of his study derives from its cold exposure of the coldly calculated part played by professions of peace in the Kremlin's unpeaceful strategy through a whole generation, leading up to a presentation of the possible alternative purposes of the latest such "peace offensive." It is a materialist examination of materialist manifestations. There is such a tactic as a thief being set to catch a thief. An ex-communist knows what communism is. He knows its purpose and its method. Mr. Rudzinski happens also to be exceedingly well-informed, is full and detailed in his memory, incisive in his judgment, as cold in his mind as the "cold peace" he dissects. In his balanced intellectual outlook there is no room for sentimentality nor for easy reaction to an apparent change of heart in Moscow. He is not alone in his opinion that caution is needed in a matter where an abundant experience is available for our guidance.

It is one of the remarkable, consistent features of Soviet tactics, relentlessly pursued up to the time of Stalin's death, that the aggressions were prosecuted under a banner of peace. Equally remarkable is the naivete of the dupes. Youth organisations were formed, armed and drilled in the paradoxical, not to say nonsensical, pretence that the object was peace.

They were given the wicked name—wicked because it was intended to seduce the innocence of youth—of *Fighters for Peace*. Conferences were convened in the capitals of non-Communist countries for an unpeaceful purpose, and they were invariably called Peace Conferences. No sane person can feel entirely at ease when a new lease of the word peace is launched from that very headquarters in Moscow which for a generation has prostituted the word to its evil intent. It may be that there has been a change of heart; for such a thing is always possible. We do not yet know. It may be that the cynicism, the calculated mischief, the downright roguery of Soviet strategy in the diplomatic field persisting through a period of nearly forty years, have at last come to an end. What Mr. Rudzinski so unpleasantly calls "peace offensives" have so often before radiated from the Kremlin that caution is needed. They have been a systematised instrument of aggression through deception. There is no need to quote from the published works of Lenin and his fellows to substantiate the hypothesis. It is too familiar. Mr. Rudzinski gives the chapters and the verses in the full grim measure. And if by their fruits you shall know them, the harvest is as prolific as poisonous: Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Eastern Germany, of the one kind; Korea, Indo-China, Tibet, Malaya, Kenya, of another.

Is then a change in the tide of affairs in Korea to be an earnest of something new in the offing? The possibility that such may be the case is not to be ruled out, despite the historical background. Those who have followed the unruly course of international affairs through this chaotic century must have been struck by the unaccountability of the main factors. Cause and effect have often been so confused that the would-be prophets have been correspondingly confounded. Nearly everybody, despite knowledge and experience, has been proved wrong when attempting a forecast.

Edward Benesh, who held office longer than any other politician in the mid-war period, whose knowledge of the diplomatic facts in that period was majestic in its perfection, who knew all the relevant personalities at first hand and was of an unswervingly realist trend of mind, was probably the most surprised pundit of them all at the upshot. His assessment of the Munich climax was woefully at sea. He was wrong about Locarno, that bold enterprise which constituted the peak of mid-war exaltation. As he walked along the shore of the Lake after the initialling of the treaties, (October 16th, 1925) he even expressed the opinion in conversation with the present writer, that the nations had there and then surrendered their historic right to make war. Austen Chamberlain was proved equally wrong when he said "with some confidence" that "as we get away from it, Locarno will be seen to be a real dividing line between the years of war and the years of peace." (October 23rd, 1925). Aristide Briand for France, Luther and Stresemann for Germany, despite their sincerity, were in their turn proved wrong in their prognostication.

Lloyd George, who bestrode the two sides of Downing Street like a Colossus, and at the Genoa Conference of 1922 was acclaimed by his fellow delegates as "Prime Minister of Europe" was so wrong in his outlooks that he even mistook Chicherin as the plenipotentiary of a then non-

existent Russian State as we now know it. Neville Chamberlain in his turn, when the century's tragedy moved into its supreme enactment, was himself proved to be the embodiment of tragedy in his calculations, sincere as they were. Winston Churchill was a tragic miscalculator at Yalta.

What then of the post-Stalin world in which for our sins and for other less obvious reasons we have to live? Is it peace? The quality of peace is too sacred an arbiter of human comfort to be lightly bandied about in the diplomatic exchanges, especially in the context of Russia's essentially non-peaceful record. But one does not know. The big men of our time above mentioned did not know what was in store. Neither the big men nor the small can have any idea what is in store for us after the death of Stalin. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends. . . ." Only one fact can be confidently established, only one truth propounded: namely that the kingdom of heaven on earth is the mysterious answer, not to diplomatic conferences, not to a Korean truce, but to the prayers of the faithful. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Though, as Mr. Rudzinski puts it, "the new cold peace may be called off at any time as abruptly as it was launched on March 9th, 1953," it may on the other hand be filled with the warmth of a lasting reality, if enough people in the world earnestly want it, and therefore seek it in its only source, namely in the hands of God. Such is the simple conclusion to our experience of international diplomacy in our time. The truth brings down the mighty from their pomposity.

#### PEACE AND WHITEHALL

There happens in this search for peace to be an incidental interest in the kind of diplomatic machinery that is used in the quest. The interest is perhaps academic rather than practical in the sense that such big human ideals as peace and truth, if sincerely encompassed, are not greatly or lastingly baulked by human frailty in the use of the material equipment. Moral determination brooks no material impediment. As none the less the machinery is indispensable (Foreign Offices being as necessary to diplomacy as Churches are to Christianity) it behoves the student of affairs to form an opinion about the true function of the said Foreign Offices. Before 1914 international relationships were cultivated on the traditional lines of professional diplomacy. The diplomat *de carrière* was the deciding voice. He was recruited from the leisured classes, that is, from those classes whose wealth—"unearned" wealth, to use the cliché of the Inland Revenue authorities—enabled him to follow the profession as a vocation without the need to earn his living thereby. As one result of the first world war that particular tradition was in some measure abandoned. The power of the politicians, resulting from the enormous responsibilities that fell upon them, was swollen to such an extent that, for instance in the case of Britain, the political authority usurped much of the competence formerly reserved to the Foreign Office.

Mr. Lloyd George embodied the change in its first impact. He was so powerful that he took over a good deal of the work and initiative in the foreign field without even a by-your-leave to the Foreign Office. At the series of international conferences held in the spas and resorts of western Europe after the end of the war, the Foreign Secretary became a

person of almost non-existent importance. I remember at the Cannes Conference (1922) that Lord Curzon remained alone and neglected in his rooms or in the dining room at the Grand Hotel, the while Mr. Lloyd George in the villa he occupied in another part of the town attracted all the attention and did all the business. Similarly in the crisis that preceded the outbreak of the second world war Mr. Neville Chamberlain decided deliberately to ignore the other side of Downing Street and instructed Sir Neville Henderson, British ambassador in Berlin, to send his despatches directly to No. 10. (The evidence for this statement is that Mr. Chamberlain himself told it to me in conversation at the time).

The fascinatingly interesting volume "Diplomatic Twilight 1930-1940" of Sir Walford Selby's, published by John Murray this year, records from the inside some of the more spectacular results of this change in procedure in the business of conducting our foreign policy. Sir Walford has an unrivalled authority in this field, having been assistant Private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey before 1914 and Private Secretary to five Foreign Secretaries after 1918: namely, MacDonald, Chamberlain, Henderson, Reading, Simon. His service abroad fell in Vienna at the critical period of the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg struggle against Hitler, and later in Lisbon at the height of the tragedy. His account of the confusion produced in the Foreign Office by the political intrusion and the resultant loss of British prestige abroad make engrossing reading. It is not, however, and obviously was not intended to be, the last word on this important subject. It was intended, and successfully contrived, to illumine a particular relevant factor in the appalling muddles of the inter-war years. In this place we are not concerned with the personalities involved—not for instance with Sir Walford's estimate of Lord Vansittart's role in the period, about which a good deal needs to be said which did not fall to Sir Walford to say, and which it is unjust to Lord Vansittart not to say—but only with the broad tendency of what one may call the nationalising of diplomacy.

The politician, elected by the people, theoretically interprets the people's will. Whether the cause of peace is served better by the intrusion of politicians into the former domain of professional diplomacy is a question that must probably be answered in the negative: but on the other hand there is the gaunt and sobering fact that the outbreak of war in 1914—perhaps one of the most fatal dates in human history—was incidental to the period of full competence on the part of the professional diplomatist.

In short the particular machinery is not of decisive import. The machinery may matter greatly in the making of material things such as chairs or tables; in the making of human relationships it matters little, and is far from being the decisive thing. What decides the fate of nations in their relations with one another is the factor—truly democratic, this, but not democratic in the absurd use of the word in our modern politics—of individual human quality; and that is a spiritual thing. The world will have peace when human beings are advanced enough in the spiritual field to deserve it. In politics we get what we deserve. At this present time to say that we deserve what we have got sounds a little harsh, but is probably true.

August 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED STATES\*

Most countries have had *causes célèbres* which have stirred them to the depths and aroused the eager interest of the world. Such were the Dreyfus case in France and the Tichborne trial in England. Such were the Moscow trials before the Second World War and the similar horrors in Prague, Budapest and Sofia after the return of peace. Such was the case of Saccho and Vanzetti twenty years ago in the United States. And such is the Hiss case, still the subject of passionate debate.

That Alger Hiss was a high official in the State Department, President of the Carnegie Peace Fund, Secretary of the Conference at San Francisco which framed the charter of Uno, that he was denounced by an old comrade and examined by the Congressional Committee for un-American activities, that he brought an action for libel against Whittaker Chambers, was tried for perjury before one jury which failed to agree, and before a second jury which unanimously sentenced him to five years imprisonment: all this is generally known. What Whittaker Chambers now supplies is the full story of a tense drama seen through the eyes of an ex-Communist, written with eloquence, passion and deep feeling. It is a book which cannot be ignored: indeed it has been classed by some critics among the great spiritual autobiographies of the world. It is not surprising that it has been a best-seller in the United States, and the English edition will doubtless also find many readers.

*Witness* is more than an indictment of Communism in general and Hiss in particular: it is also the record of the conversion and reconversion of a sensitive man whose unhappy family background and the ruthlessness of American capitalism drove into the Communist camp. Though the book is designed as an anti-Communist broadside, he repeatedly asserts that educated middle-class converts like himself were not moved in the slightest degree by materialist motives but by a misplaced idealism which revolutionised their lives. Horrified and frustrated by the soulless competitive system which existed in the United States long after the foundations of the Welfare State had been laid in England and some other countries of Western Europe, they trooped in desperation into the only party which aimed at its total destruction: no less radical solution, they believed, could bring a better society. Few such apostles, we are told, ever lapse, and reconversion is sometimes associated with a religious crisis. The author, though never a pacifist, has found peace for his tortured soul in the Society of Friends. Communists, we are informed, are no worse than other men; often they are better in the sense that they are far more ready to make sacrifices for the cause which is dearer to them than life. Hiss himself is depicted as a pleasant and kindly man enslaved by an atrocious creed in which the individual counts for nothing and force is proclaimed as the legitimate instrument of the social revolution.

American opinion is sharply divided. Those who believe that it is the paramount duty of every anti-Communist and ex-Communist to destroy a movement which threatens the pattern of American life and the traditional values of West European civilisation naturally approve the action of the author in attacking his old associates. Others censure his intransigence and question the reliability of a witness who had shown instability first in serving and then in denouncing with equal zeal a vast subversive movement. The whole book is an apologia, but the kernel of the argument is to be found in the moving Foreword which takes the form of "A Letter to my Children." That he suffered grievously from the long duel with an old friend and from the furious

attacks directed against him from many quarters is indicated by his attempted suicide. Does not this desperate resolve by a man so devoted to his wife and children point to a condition of overwrought nerves? The book is written at white heat and, like most born fighters, the author tends to over-simplify the issues. "The Communist vision," he declares, "is the vision of Man without God, the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world." But Christian Communists are not unknown, and millions of sturdy anti-Communists reject the author's theology. The crisis of the Western world, he proclaims, exists to a degree in which it is indifferent to God. That is nothing new, for preachers have been sounding the same note ever since the days of the Hebrew prophets. Thus the narrative of the Communist conspiracy in the United States ends in a sermon.

In reading this sincere and striking book we can never forget that it was written by an American for American readers. Is his lurid picture of the extent and danger of Communism in the U.S. overdone? Did not his campaign give Senator McCarthy and his Witch-hunters their chance and thereby endanger the constitutional liberties of law-abiding citizens? In England the atmosphere is much less sultry; our blood is cooler; we are less inclined to panic and far less responsive to propaganda; we prefer the middle of the road. In the United States Communism is a burning domestic as well as a grave international issue; in England it is only the latter. The best way to combat both Communism and Fascism is to work unceasingly and by constitutional means for reforms which render the conditions of life tolerable to the ordinary citizen and thus remove the feelings of frustration and exasperation which prepare the way for the reign of violence.

G. P. GOOCH.

•Whittaker Chambers. *Witness*, Andre Deutsch. 21s.

### LUCREZIA BORGIA\*

Despite the voluminous literature—fictional and otherwise—inspired by the meteoric career of the House of Borgia, there was room for this well-written, accurate and scholarly monograph of one of its most interesting and intriguing personalities. Miss Haslip makes few concessions to a merely morbid curiosity, and the wealth of sensual and sensational detail which some of us are accustomed to associate with any record of Lucrezia's short and emotionally crowded life finds no place in the book. Not for nothing, indeed, is it described as "A Study." That is what it reveals itself to be; eminently suited to studious taste, even when recounting the least studious episodes and imparting an air of reliability to the most lurid and improbable incidents. Not that Miss Haslip minimises the more shocking fashions of the Renaissance Period. Its unprincipled principles, its freedom from all restraint, its unbridled indulgence in physical pleasure, pomp and pageantry and, above all, the peculiar ease with which its high-ranking personages contrived to commit deeds of violence and then conveniently consign such deeds to oblivion and, seemingly, to suffer no pang of remorse or regret. Of all these atrocities we get a clear, though restrained representation. The Borgias were not only typical of their age, but capable of contributing substantially to its worst qualities; and His Unholy Holiness Alexander VI and his apparently conscienceless son Cesare exerted an almost hypnotic influence on Lucrezia's impressionable young mind. Always she seems so passionately to have loved and admired them both that she was content to shut her eyes to their worst errors. Thus, though Miss Haslip shows us a vivid picture of her charming figure—her lissom grace, sunnily fair hair and the remarkable pale eyes—"gli occhi bianchi"—which gave character to her sweet child-like face, we get but a vague idea of what her inner self was like.



The shadow of the evil paternal and fraternal domination lies too heavily upon her and confuses our critical judgments. For example, though apparently sincerely attached to her second husband, Alfonso of Aragon and perfectly aware that his murder was the work of the jealous Cesare, she resumed, after the first burst of grief, affectionate relations with the murderer and remained as devoted to his interests as before the crime. Fortunately, however, she outlived both her evil geniuses, and her marriage with Alfonso D'Este of the ducal house of Ferrara proved unexpectedly happy—lasted eighteen years. Incidentally, we should have liked a fuller description of that union; for even the Duchess's untimely death after childbirth, in the summer of 1519, is more peaceful than painful to contemplate. She had reformed her life and habits, gained the love and respect of her husband and the friendship of men of genius, and bequeathed to the Ferrara folk, who adored her, a wholly fragrant memory. We must add that the *format* of the book deserves nothing but praise and the excellent illustrations increase its interest. The only flaw is the abruptness with which the narrative concludes.

G. M. HORT.

\*Joan Haslip. *Lucrezia Borgia*. Cassell. 21s.

### HANNAH MORE\*

In her admirable book on *The Charity School Movement* in the eighteenth century, Dr. M. G. Jones has prepared the way for this biography of Hannah More, who is probably best known to many readers as a foundress of such schools. While her work on these lines is sympathetically treated here, she is shown as a much more attractive and accomplished figure than that somewhat austere aspect might suggest. Her serious moral purpose was combined with a sprightly charm, she was honoured alike in fashionable, in literary, and in religious circles. Her long life (1745-1833) allowed her to enjoy the friendship of the Garricks, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, and, later, of Wilberforce and the young Macaulay. She never met Cowper, a kindred spirit, who admired her writing as she did his. With Horace Walpole, despite his first antipathy to "Holy Hannah," and her sorrowful disapproval of his views, a long-standing friendship was formed. Particularly attractive is her happy understanding of children, to which several letters bear witness.

These letters, says Dr. Jones, some of which have only recently come to light, best reveal Hannah; vivid, shrewd, and unaffected, they will bear comparison with those of the great letter-writers of her day. "They have been curiously neglected by historians of the eighteenth century." Roberts, a former biographer, suppressed or altered letters and incidents which he considered inconsistent with the character of an Evangelical lady. That character, increasingly as life went on, was Hannah's. Disliking revivalism or controversy, she remained content with the sober Evangelicalism of the English Church. She had, however, friends among Dissenters, and worked with them in the Anti-Slavery movement. Her views on "the poor," and the education suitable for them, do inevitably sound narrow and patronising today. She felt a real sympathy for their distresses, but was no economist; her main concern, both for them and for the upper-class girls whom she desired to see better educated, was to make known the scheme of divine redemption. Her manual of suggested instruction for the young Princess Charlotte was enthusiastically approved by Queen Charlotte and other authorities.

Hannah More's literary output was enormous, and can only be summarised here. It includes two early plays, sponsored by Garrick, a novel, and a series of essays and tracts, in prose and verse. These very varied works won instant

popularity. Some of the *Tracts*, in homely language, were compiled at official request to counter the anti-religious ones of Cobbett and Paine.

Dr. Jones' book, which will doubtless rank as the standard biography of its subject, is superbly produced, as becomes the University Press, and has several delightful illustrations. Its high cost is thus accounted for, but one may hope for a later edition at a lower price. The chapter headings are grouped to indicate the various aspects of Hannah's life, in London and Somerset, and there are comprehensive Notes. In a candid summing-up of Hannah's defects and virtues, "she emerges as a woman of integrity, piety and moral courage, on whose tongue was the law of kindness."

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

\**Hannah More*. By M. G. Jones, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press, 1952. 27s. 6d.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE

In this thought-provoking collection of essays Mr. Marius Bewley is primarily concerned with tracing the development of American literature in relation to, and as distinct from, English cultural traditions, so it is perhaps appropriate that he should take his cue (and also his title) from Henry James, who once remarked: "It's a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe." There is certainly nothing superstitious about Mr. Bewley's attitude. Yet he resists the temptation—to which many critics in his own country seem to be peculiarly susceptible—to go to the other extreme and acclaim all writing that is superficially American in subject-matter, manner and approach. On the contrary, he makes the very convincing claim that America's greatest achievement in literature during the nineteenth century is represented not by what he calls "the frontier colloquial tradition," as is generally assumed, but by the tradition embodied in the work of Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James. These writers, he maintains, were most deeply conscious of the needs and potentialities arising from the new patterns of life rapidly taking shape around them, and it was out of "the tensions between their faith and their fears" that the finest art America has ever produced was created.

This is substantiated in the essays devoted to the examination of the relationship between Hawthorne and Henry James, the writers to whom most attention is given, and the extent to which the former influenced the latter. A somewhat jarring note is struck by the inclusion of Dr. Leavis's disagreement with Mr. Bewley's interpretation of *What Maisie Knew*, Mr. Bewley's reply, and further comments by Dr. Leavis. It is, of course, always interesting to read conflicting opinions by such shrewd critics as these, but as the viewpoints here expressed are not carried to any sort of conclusion or reconciliation, and peter out in fruitless thrust and counterthrust, one feels that the argument might more profitably have been conducted elsewhere. The remaining chapters, *Some Aspects of Modern American Poetry*, *The Poetry of Wallace Stevens*, *Mencken and the American Language* and *Kenneth Burke as Literary Critic*, are each complete and satisfying in their own right, but they also serve to emphasize the significance of the points already made by the author and, covering a surprisingly wide area of the American literary scene as they do, add to the unquestionable value of this timely book.

HOWARD SERGEANT.

*The Complex Fate*: Marius Bewley. (Chatto & Windes, 16s.)

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In the immense bulk of Theodore Roosevelt's correspondence this instalment takes us to the end of his Presidency in 1909, and almost to the close of the stretch of his public life that may rightly be called significant. Volume 5 opens, after the electoral triumph of 1904, with a batch of letters revealing the President's justified satisfaction over the peace between Japan and Russia. There follows, in his customary profusion, the day-by-day record of activities, with downright reasons for his actions and a continuous defence of policy. As he came near to retirement he declared that no man could have enjoyed the great office more, and that during the seven years he had never done anything in violation of his ideal. He could have been re-elected in 1908 but for his pledge against a third term. He believed in the full force of executive authority, while insisting that no ruler should hold power beyond a definite period. W. H. Taft as his successor had his unqualified approval, but this attitude was speedily reversed.

There is a surprise for the reader in the introduction, which is a curious literary exercise. The editor-in-chief considers the view, now widespread in America, that the first Roosevelt's stature has steadily declined since his death in 1919, and further, that his administration did not contribute as he puts it, to "any of the massive formulations, either of intellect or spirit, that appear in the national heritage." Mr. Morison does not disagree, and he goes on to assert that this amazingly vital President may in the verdict of history be placed low in the long roll of names. There must, of course, be strong dissent from this opinion. Certainly it is not difficult to argue that he was a man of every great value to the United States in the early 1900's. His conception of the Presidency was something far more than the drive of a restless administrator. He saw plainly the menace of predatory wealth. He was the first to grasp the need of a policy directed towards the conservation of basic national resources. Pioneers in the field of welfare and social redemption looked upon him as the first President to become aware of the deeper social problem. This last point illustrates one sharp contradiction of his character, for he never disguised his contempt for the men whom he denounced as professional liberals, who included some of the most honoured citizens of the time. Not a few of his prejudices were perverse or ludicrous and he never revised them.

He enjoyed writing at length to a few eminent friends in England, especially Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Cecil Spring Rice. He would range over wide regions of history with Bryce, discuss social decadence with Balfour and at times venture upon literary themes. He wrote a letter of eight closely-printed pages to Owen Wister in strong criticism of *Lady Baltimore*. He had no more intimate associate than Senator Lodge, yet did not learn from him that their friend Henry Adams was the author of that excellent Washington novel *Democracy*. Although the editing of the Letters, which will fill at least eight volumes, has been thoroughly organised and is being carried out with great care certain defects are undeniable. A brief introduction to each section is clearly needed. The address of the recipient of a letter is never given. When the President addresses "My dear Governor," Senator, or Secretary, there is seldom anything to tell where he belongs. Scores of unidentified names, altogether unknown to present-day American readers, are here. It is hard to see why family letters, purely personal in substance, should be distributed throughout an ample source-book of political history.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

A new work on the Suez Canal has been written by Mr. Hugh J. Schonfield, who is well known for his biography of Ferdinand de Lesseps and for his short popular history of the Canal, published in the Penguin Books shortly before the War. His latest book, *The Suez Canal in World Affairs*, covers the ground of his earlier work, and brings the story of the Canal up to the "Black Saturday" riots in Cairo on January 26, 1952. In his treatment of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute Mr. Schonfield is detached but generally sympathetic to the Egyptian case. He argues that the retention of forces in the Canal Zone is not for the Canal's protection, but rather to serve the general strategic interests of Great Britain and the North Atlantic Powers in the Middle East against Soviet Russia, which is outside the scope of the Suez Canal Concession and the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936. The worth of this volume, however, is not so much as a commentary upon contemporary policy of the Great Powers as a factual study of the Canal's history. The author has included a very useful chapter upon the work of the Suez Canal Company since the War. He deals with the "Seventh and Greatest Works Programme" in the Canal's history, laid down in 1949. It includes the cutting of a by-pass canal, seven and a half miles long, and also the deepening of the Canal throughout its length. He also discusses the 1949 Agreement between the Suez Canal Company and the Egyptian Government, which provides, *inter alia*, for increasing the number of Egyptian Directors and raising the proportion of Egyptians on the Company's staff to over 80 per cent. There are only fifteen years before the Concession terminates and the Canal passes into Egyptian ownership and direction.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

Constellation Books, Vallentine, Mitchell & Co., 15s.

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After the partition of India in 1947 and the appalling communal massacres that followed, there was an interchange of population between India and Pakistan on a scale probably greater, according to Horace Alexander in his book, *"New Citizens of India,"*\* than anything seen in the world before. In this largely eye-witness account we are given an encouraging picture of the way in which India has tackled the almost insuperable problem of absorbing the six to eight million refugees who so suddenly and so tragically came to her for refuge. The task was comparatively straightforward when the new arrivals could be quickly settled on land just vacated by those who fled in the opposite direction to Pakistan. But it was an entirely different matter to deal, for example, with the excessive influx of shop-keepers who, planting their booths along the streets, and having no rent to pay, soon dislocated local trade, with disastrous psychological consequences. In effect, therefore, India had to train vast numbers of people to earn a living in new trades that did not clash with but indeed augmented the existing economy. To deal satisfactorily with the hard core of the urban refugee population a number of new towns had to be set up. Descriptions of visits to these make fascinating reading. The building of the towns and the learning of new trades go forward hand in hand with the most important work of all, the rehabilitation of people who have suffered so much in body, mind and spirit. Inevitably in an upheaval of this size, there are many who fall by the way and whose only hope is to beg, to steal or to starve. Then there are "abducted women" (mostly now repatriated) who are still not recovered sufficiently to become self-supporting, even after years in rehabilitation centres.

Nor were the "Untouchables" easy to rehabilitate, and of course much unnecessary additional suffering was due simply to human muddle, unwisdom, or complacency. The main impression left by this book, apart from the account of India's heroic struggle to create order out of chaos, is once again that most large-scale human suffering is unnecessary. The massacres would probably not have happened "if there had been no evil-minded instigation of violence." Left to themselves, long columns of outgoing Muslim refugees, heading for Pakistan, met incoming columns of Hindus and Sikhs and there was no trace of hostility on either side. Man's inhumanity to Man is not spontaneous.

G. B. GOOCH.

\*Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

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*The Gulf of Years: Letters from John Ruskin to Kathleen Olander* (Allen & Unwin, 9s. 6d.) adds a new and surprising chapter to the life of a man of genius. Success and celebrity are no substitute for a happy home, which he never possessed. His marriage to Effie Gray was only a marriage in name, and his touching romance with Rose la Touche ended with her early death. Now, more than half a century after his death, we learn of a later romance with a young art student whom he found copying a Turner in the National Gallery. On his side it was love at first sight, and the lonely old man, nearing seventy, and already subject to fits of depression, dreamed of an Indian Summer. His affection was reciprocated, though without dreaming that it might lead to an offer of marriage. The touching correspondence lasted less than a year, but none of her letters are included. It is hardly surprising that her parents intervened with a harsh letter informing her that "you must have nothing more to do with the old man. We forbid you to correspond any further with Mr. Ruskin." Despite the veto Kathleen, whose brief comments add greatly to the value of this poignant little book, often wrote to him, though she believes that all her letters were intercepted by Mrs. Severn, who kept house for Ruskin at Brentwood and resented competing influences. They never met again, though she once called and saw him through the window. When she learned of the circumstances of the old divorce case she confesses that in the light of that knowledge she would happily have accepted his proposal of marriage. Some years later she married. Though some readers may feel that such letters are too intimate for publication, others will welcome the new evidence that his heart was full of love. As to the character and conduct of Kathleen as revealed in his letters and her comments there will only be a chorus of praise.

\* \* \* \* \*

The latest item in Longman's *Men & Books* (10s. 6d. each) is Michael Joyce's study of Gibbon, which maintains the high standard set by the volumes on Shaw, Conrad, Marlowe, Defoe and Browning. Brief, clear, and beautifully produced, these little books should make a wide appeal to the general reader. Mr. Joyce is equally successful in the presentation of a very unusual character

and in the analysis of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. No one has ever called Gibbon a great man, but he is the first British historian to achieve immortality and the author of the only historical work of the eighteenth century, except Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV*, which is still widely read. That it owes its longevity more to its incomparable style than to its academic merits is true enough, but Mr. Joyce is justified in his tribute to the conscientious scholarship and essential accuracy of the work. Interpretation, of course, is a different matter, and its outstanding fault is its blindness to the high significance of the Ages of Faith in Western Europe and of the later Byzantine Empire as the guardian of Hellenic culture. Gibbon, like Voltaire, was a complacent child of the Age of Reason, and his contempt for the religious element in the story of mankind gives a one-sided look to the story of the thousand years which followed the conversion of Constantine.

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*Sigrid Undset: A study in Christian Realism*, by A. H. Winsnes, (Sheed & Ward, 15s.) describes the life and writings of the first Norwegian woman to win world-wide celebrity similar to that achieved by the Swedish novelist Selma Lagerlov. Her largest and best known work, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, a study of medieval life, found numerous British readers, but her studies of the Norwegian society of today, which are also translated, seem to be equally worth reading. The sub-title of this book, *A study in Christian Realism*, is only applicable to her later novels, for her conversion to Catholicism—an extremely rare occurrence in Scandinavian countries—only occurred in middle life. The war years were spent in America, and she died in 1949 at the age of sixty-seven. The reader of this admirable biography receives the impression of a strong, thoughtful, highly gifted woman who in her novels ignored neither the darker side of nature nor its spiritual possibilities.



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